

THE LIE IN ENGLISH HISTORY

THE obstacles between the objective fact and its exact expression in speech or writing are manifold.

There are physical obstacles due to the imperfection of the senses which receive the first impression of the fact, and mental obstacles due to faulty interpretation of the sense-impressions, and again physical obstacles due to want or inadequacy of language-signs. The handicap is already considerable when one sets out to record one's own experience but it is at least doubled when one sets out to record the experience of others and thus to write history. Accordingly the historian, least of all, can afford to add to his inevitable handicap by allowing moral defects to stand between him and his apprehension of truth. The moral obstacle arises when the historian permits passion, prejudice, or self-interest to distort facts or their interpretation. If he does so consciously he is a liar and not an historian: if unconsciously, because lacking in zeal for truth, careless of evidence or merely slovenly, he is to that extent unfitted for his task. Truth is the one object of the genuine historian; he should detest as his chief foes error and falsehood, bias and bitterness, and partizan-prejudice of every kind. Truth of conception, truth of observation and inference, truth of expression—after these things he should incessantly labour, mindful of his natural inaptitudes, discounting his personal bias, improving by every possible device both his tools and his workmanship. If he is not devoured by a holy zeal for truth, the drawbacks sketched above will vitiate his work at every turn, as they vitiate the work of most historians, ancient and modern. The labour of fetching Truth out of her well has been too much for them or, may be, their appliances were defective. Anyhow, no earthly historian has ever yet arisen to dispute the proud pre-eminence, as a servant of Truth, of the Recording Angel.

Yet, if the perfect historian remains an ideal, at any rate an indefinite perfectibility is within reach of those who practise the art. Apart from the ordinary equipment of nature and education, what the historian needs most is to shed his prejudices. To shed one's prejudices is not necessarily to empty one's mind, however likely that result may

be in certain cases: it is really an attempt to regain the capability of judging correctly. Gifted as we are with almost automatic powers of analysis and classification our already existing convictions unconsciously modify the fresh information that enters our minds. Our pre-judgments influence our judgments and so, if our pre-judgments are themselves erroneous, they will distort the later knowledge we assimilate. A prejudice is a conviction which is not well founded in fact or is logically faulty. To discard prejudice, therefore, is both to add to our store of truth and to improve our capacity for attaining it.

The bearing of these observations lies in their application to the question of English History. Other countries have, no doubt, their own similar problems: this most immediately concerns us. If the bulk of English historians come to their task the victims of profound and far-reaching prejudice that task will be ill-performed. Yet how important a task it is. History is a nation's memory, preserving the experience of the race and linking generation with generation. This recorded experience is of enormous value to the present day, but clearly its utility depends upon its truth. It cannot otherwise be a safe guide; nay, false history is worse than ignorance; a misleading guide is more harmful than none. No nation can benefit by being misinformed about its past, for so it may esteem as a blessing what is in reality a curse, and give itself up to the pursuit of false ideals. Now, owing to the defects of their historians the English people as a whole are in the unhappy position of misjudging their past and consequently misunderstanding their present. Yet they cannot well reconstruct their present and provide for the future without an accurate knowledge of what has been faulty in the past. Until English history has been re-written with a single eye to truth, that knowledge will be withheld from them, for it is still soaked through and through with the false Protestant tradition. The essence of that tradition is that Catholicism is not the true religion and that the Church which embodies and proclaims it is not a divine but a human institution. In so far, therefore, as this false conviction possesses the historian's mind, he cannot fail to judge falsely of the action of the Church in human history. And, as the creator and preserver of Christian civilization, the Catholic Church bulks so largely in the history of the world, and her influence upon

secular governments has been so constant, that a wrong view of her character must needs expose the historian to innumerable errors of inference, if not of fact. There is an immense intellectual gulf between the mind which accepts the Catholic Church, past, present and future, as the God-appointed and God-equipped guide of fallen humanity, and that which considers her as but one of many efforts—and not the most successful—made by the human spirit to reach and embody the Unseen. It is impossible that two such minds should think fundamentally alike of human history during the Christian era, and if the Catholic Church is truly divine, the mind that rejects her must reject much truth as well.

Accordingly I make bold to say that what chiefly prevents English non-Catholics from returning to the faith of their ancestors is not their intellectual inability to accept the tenets of that faith, which are now, as always, supremely reasonable, but their false historical view of the action of the Catholic Church in England. At least, that is the first barrier they encounter in their progress towards the truth, a barrier erected by scores of historians misrepresenting the true character of the Church. The intending convert has to unlearn much school-history before he can open his mind to the Church's message. The great Protestant tradition against which Newman wrote so trenchantly and, so far as dialectics are concerned, with such deadly humour, still rears its massive bulk between the mind and truth, seemingly insurmountable until closely examined, and then found to be full of cracks and fissures, a mere agglomeration of disconnected material without cohesion and without support. And though it is being constantly added to, yet—and this is the most consoling aspect of the question—it has sustained and is sustaining many an assault from the non-Catholic side, as well as the Catholic, ever since the growth of the scientific spirit in research. So that we daily see verified Newman's famous saying, "To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant."

Still, the mountain of prejudice is a very large one, and the united labour of many workers will be needed to remove it. The value of non-Catholic co-operation lies in this that Catholic writers are not only few in number but they are not read, whereas in thousands of school-rooms throughout the land by the aid of thousands of biassed teachers and textbooks, the young uncritical mind is being imbued with the

poison of anti-Catholic falsehood. Newman reminds us in his *University Lectures* that English literature is in the main non-Catholic, because in many departments the flowering of the national genius coincided, accidentally, with the severance of the country from the Church. In any case, historical science was a late development in England. Before the Reformation, there were chroniclers who narrated the events of their own time and the legends handed down from antiquity, but there was no critical discussion of sources, no tracing of underlying causes, no contrasting of testimony, no wide general survey, in a word, no philosophy of history, for many generations after the great revolt. David Hume whose *History of England* was published in the middle of the eighteenth century may be regarded as the first of the scientific historians. And ever since his time deep historical research has remained mainly in the hands of non-Catholics or anti-Catholics. Amongst the great names which succeeded him in the field down to this day—Robertson, Gibbon, Lingard, Carlyle, Macaulay, Freeman, Froude, Maitland, Gardiner, Gairdner, Green, Buckle, Lecky, Creighton, Stubbs, Gasquet—two only belong to the Catholic faith. And historians of lower grades—the compilers and popularizers who do no first-hand work—are practically all Protestants, all men, that is, who disbelieve in the Catholic Church and are therefore unlikely, however learned, conscientious, and painstaking they may be, to deal justly and accurately with her action and influence in secular affairs. Individuals amongst them may hit upon the truth on particular points. As the archives are investigated the weakness of the Protestant view becomes more and more evident, and we have valuable admissions regarding the necessity of changing it. But the text-books and the encyclopædias remain unchanged, and the rebutting evidence remains hidden away in monographs and particular studies. And the partizan is ever at work. Ingrained prejudice backed by self-interest inspires a constant series of books written in defence of Rationalism or Protestantism against the historical position of the Church. The article on the Papacy, for instance, in a well-known Encyclopædia was entrusted to an apostate priest. And, if we look at the *Cambridge Mediæval History*, we find in the first volume chapters on the growth and development of the early Church from the pens of authors who utterly misunder-

stand the later—"The Triumph of Christianity," for instance, by Principal Lindsay, a Scotch Nonconformist, "Arianism," by the late H. M. Gwatkin, a rabidly Protestant divine, and "The Organization of the Church," by C. H. Turner, an Oxford Professor of Early Church History. None of these men knows the Church from the inside and, however well-meaning, their descriptions cannot help being one-sided and superficial. Far otherwise is it in the same volume with the chapter on "Monasticism," the author of which is Dom Cuthbert Butler. Here is an historian one can trust, for he, emphatically, knows what he is talking about and can interpret the records with perfect insight. But it is rare that the truth is so adequately safeguarded in these non-Catholic publications. The Protestant tradition is still very strongly entrenched in our literature, especially in the literature whence the bulk of the population draws its information—the school-history and the non-Catholic press.

As an instance of how slowly truth filters into the popular mind from the labours of the learned, we may take the case of the historian Gibbon, whose *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is one of those classics which are more praised than read, but whose reputation as a severely accurate writer no man in the street ventures to challenge. Gibbon has now fallen on evil days, and there are worse to come. His sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer was so acceptable to the spirit of his time that his work was hailed with uncritical and slavish adulation. "Gibbon," says Freeman, an honest historian according to his lights, "Gibbon remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. . . . His work as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of 1300 years, as the grandest of historical designs carried out alike with wonderful power and with wonderful accuracy must ever keep its place." This is the traditional view, long prevalent but at last beginning to alter, save in those quarters where Gibbon is too valuable an asset to be lightly lost. We are not surprised that Professor Bury, the militant rationalist who degrades the Chair at Cambridge once occupied by Lord Acton, goes bail for the rationalist historian. "If," he writes,¹ "we take into account the vast range of his work, his accuracy is amazing, and, with all his disadvantages, his slips

¹ Preface to his Edition of Gibbon (1909), p. ix.

are singularly few." Professor Bury's anti-Christian prejudice is so rank as to deprive his historical estimates of any value whatever.¹ He believes, like many so-called rationalists, what he wants to believe, contrary evidence notwithstanding. More discriminating is the appreciation of the biographer of Gibbon in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Sir A. W. Ward, whose opinion is extremely valuable as showing the reluctance which even a fair-minded man feels in abandoning the traditional attitude of praise. "As a scientific history [Gibbon's] work has in many respects become superannuated, but its main and distinctive qualities continue unimpaired."² Again, "its opening chapters may fall short of the results of modern numismatical and epigraphical research; its later portions . . . may show an inadequate command of the political life of the Byzantine Empire and all but ignore much of the Slavonic side of its history, may inadequately appreciate the historic significance . . . of Charles the Great, and may fail in the narration of the second and third crusades—in a word (!) it may need to be supplemented, repaired or changed, here and there and again and again. But"—here the final effort to reconcile honesty with prejudice gives birth to paradox—"But," he says, "it is complete even though it is imperfect."

So the non-Catholic judges of his kind. Far different is the verdict passed by the Catholic historian on the man who, in spite of the grandeur of his style, his mastery of irony, his parade of learning, was essentially shallow of mind and corrupt of heart. During the last year or so, an exceedingly competent critic, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has "gone behind" Gibbon in many places with the result that in point after point his work is shown to be, as one might expect *a priori*, false, garbled, deliberately misleading.³ Mr. Belloc has no hesitation in declaring Gibbon to be a thoroughly bad historian, not merely in the sense of being hopelessly handicapped but also in the sense of being dishonest and ignorant, suppressing and inventing evidence, misreading authorities and affecting an erudition which was not his own. And the main

¹ For the final word on Professor Bury as an historian, see Mr. Belloc's *Anti-Catholic History: how it is written*. (C.T.S.: 1d.)

² P. 313: we italicise significant words and phrases.

³ Cf. *Dublin Review*, April, 1917: *Studies*, Dec. 1917, June, 1918. Compare also *Dublin Review*, July 1917. It is to be hoped that Mr. Belloc will complete and publish in book form his exposure of Gibbon.

touchstones by which this base metal is manifested are precisely the central facts of the Christian faith which formed the soul of the civilization it engendered. Gibbon in many places is only an adaptation of Mosheim and other anti-Catholic German writers of no authority and value, whose errors and falsehoods he faithfully copies.

In purely English history Gibbon's attitude of deliberate hostility to the Catholic idea has been naturally reproduced by those whose whole position is a denial of Catholicism, members of the English national Church and militant Protestants generally. Outside the line of Catholic tradition, they are incapable of understanding the Church; at their hands pre-Reformation English history suffers grievous distortion and the whole notion of the Reformation itself is falsified. Their spirit is shown by their blind idolatry of that epitome of pride and sensuality, the apostate Luther,¹ whom no exposure, however complete and unanswerably damning, can persuade them to abandon. The typical Protestant view of the Lutheran revolt was aptly expressed by the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury in November, 1917, when he wrote thus: "He must be strangely blind to the lessons of history who fails to see that the Reformation of the sixteenth century did in the Providence of God bring immeasurable blessing both to the Church and peoples in Europe and throughout the world." We imagine that the singular blindness deprecated by his Grace is commoner than he supposes, for one of the lessons of history, recently taught to the world by that stern schoolmaster War, was that Luther's anti-ecclesiasticism is partly responsible for the Prussian state-worship and hence for the war itself. The recognition of this fact and hence the partial discrediting of the Reformation is one of the good things that have come to alleviate that appalling catastrophe. The Reformation was made in Germany and there worked itself out to its final issue. By its fruits it may be known, except by observers like the Archbishop of Canterbury whose *raison d'être* would be gone, were they to make the obvious infer-

¹ Readers may remember an instructive controversy in the *Times Literary Supplement*, which published an article on Luther's Quater-Centenary in Nov. 1917, a dishonest mixture of eulogy of the heresiarch and abuse of the Catholic Church. The reviewer was challenged, cornered, exposed and demolished in a series of letters, models of their kind, by "A Catholic Layman." See THE MONTH, Dec. 1917, p. 561, "Whitewashing Luther."

ences.¹ The Reformation resulted in the destruction *de facto* of the universality of the Church and so removed God's providential check upon the excessive development of nationalism. It deprived international law of its chief sanction and set statesmanship free from morality. The "immeasurable blessing to Europe," fondly imagined by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was in reality a fairly comprehensive curse which festered in the European body politic until it issued in the late criminal madness of the Lutheran nation.

Of course we have not waited for this war to reveal to us the real spirit of the Reformation. Catholic historians have always proclaimed its essential wickedness. What good *could* result from that portentous revolt of the natural man against the rule and guidance of revelation, and the attempted destruction of God's Church? Cardinal Gasquet's valuable series of monographs on aspects of the Reformation in England has done much to set the facts in their true light and so to destroy the Reformation-legend. And the labours of other Catholic writers on the same topic, directed in some cases to the refutation of the ridiculous "continuity" theory, have satisfactorily covered the whole ground of the relations of Church and State in England. But, as above implied, there is more satisfaction in the thought that, side by side with the advocacy and representment of the old lying legends, there is a growing tendency on the non-Catholic side to "go back on" the Reformation, and to recognize in it a blind and unhappy assertion of nationalism, stimulated in varying degrees by avarice and lust. One could enumerate many non-Catholic writers, such as the late Dr. Jessop, whose knowledge of what went on in the land at the Reformation opened their eyes to its true character. These men have become "deep in history" and have consequently discarded their original Protestantism. By diligent consultation of original authorities and a painstaking endeavour to interpret them in the sense in which they were written, they have been led to see that the Protestant tradition is a gigantic bluff, imposed on the ignorant by adroit appeals to national sentiment and by systematic abuse of the "foreign" Church of Christ. A remarkable instance of this awakening may be seen in the late Dr. James

¹ I may refer the reader to Canon Barry's masterly *Four Centuries of Luther* (C.T.S. 1d.), wherein is traced in brief compass the gradual poisoning of Prussian civilization in every branch by the evil spirit of the heresiarch.

Gairdner's *Lollardy and the Reformation*, a work in four large volumes, the value of which Catholics have not yet fully appreciated. In the *Cambridge History of Literature* it is said of the author [italics ours throughout]: "Long studies in this field of research [Ecclesiastical History] had matured in him conclusions as to the English Reformation and its precursors *differing* in many respects from current Protestant opinion, but always *resting on* a careful and well-considered treatment of authorities." Again, in the Preface to the fourth [posthumous] volume of *Lollardy*, the Editor, the Rev. W. Hunt, writes the following significant words:

He believed he had a special work to do: indeed, it may almost be said, a message to deliver. Modest and humble as he was, he could not but be conscious that he had gained a fuller knowledge of the Reformation period in our history, of the influences that gave rise to it and directed its course, and of the characters and aims of the principal persons who favoured or opposed it, *than was in the possession of the public*. He felt constrained to publish the result of his labours, for he considered that *much error* was current on these matters, that *religious prejudice* had warped the judgment of many who had written on them, and that too little account was taken of the *wrongs* inflicted on Catholics, and of the *tyranny, greed and irreverence*, the *robbery* of God and His Church, which in his view disgraced the Reformation in England.¹

In the same fourth volume Dr. Gairdner replies to certain strictures which his former three had called forth from those unwilling to change their old "Mumpsimus," and stated with renewed emphasis that his conclusions were based on indisputable facts. We cannot exaggerate the importance of this testimony for, although the writer merely corroborates the common Catholic view, it is a view which hitherto had obtained scant hearing from the non-Catholic side. Owing to the work of honest men of this sort—we may add William Cobbett, and G. K. Chesterton to their number—it is gradually becoming possible to substitute for the travesty of the Catholic Church contained in English historical text-books, a series of testimonies to her essentially beneficent character and influence in this land, drawn exclusively from non-Catholic authorities of acknowledged weight. This is also the conviction of Father Hull, Editor of the *Bombay Examiner*, who has

¹ *Lollardy and the Reformation*, Vol. IV. : Preface, p. xi.

himself done valuable work in this connection,¹ having found the educated journalistic world in his surroundings blankly ignorant of the recent results even of Protestant historical research. Such a work, entitled "A Protestant History of Catholicity in England" would do something which our Catholic scholars have hitherto been unable to do—bring a glimmer of truth into minds darkened by three centuries and more of widespread, elaborate and systematic lying. No more useful task could be undertaken by a Catholic historical student than such a compilation. The historical work which is now being done at the National University of Ireland, some of which is published in our contemporary, *Studies*, although mainly occupied with the concerns of the sister kingdom, holds valuable promise of a school of research which shall do final justice to what has never yet been adequately treated—the success of the Catholic Church in establishing in England, as well as in Ireland, the spirit, forms, and institutions of civilization.

Meanwhile, there is much still to contend against. In spite of the war, the Protestant is loth to part with his Luther. The Luther-legend, in fact, is a necessary part of Protestant belief, so no revelation of his moral worthlessness, his adulation of the powerful, his contempt of the poor, his doctrinal inconsistency, his insensate pride, his self-admitted failure, avails to overthrow it. The Protestant cannot afford to think ill of him and, rather than do so, he will lower and distort his own moral standards to suit those of the heresiarch. Similarly with regard to the other Protestant heroes—Calvin and Knox and Henry and Elizabeth,—to allow the truth concerning them to prevail would be to discredit beyond repair their boasted work, the severance of their peoples from Catholic unity. It is to little purpose, for instance, that the Protestant romancer, Froude, has already suffered amongst the educated the fate which we may hope awaits Gibbon, so that the Cambridge *History of Literature* is obliged to own that the criticism his books have received have proved fatal to his reputation as an historian.² His spirit still survives in

¹ See, especially, a series of articles exposing the mendacities of Froude, August 3—17, and another refuting the popular English estimate of the Armada episode, Aug. 24—Nov. 9, which we trust will appear in book form.

² Vol. XII, p. 85. Freeman goes so far as to say of him—"When we have read Mr. Froude's account of any matter we know at any rate one way in which it did *not* happen."

our popular histories, and because he panders to Protestant prejudice his judgments and conclusions are adopted, whilst the fact that his witness is wholly discredited is never allowed to reach the multitude. The sequelæ of the Reformation—the robbery of the poor as well as of the Church, the barbarous poor-law, the destruction of the guilds, the plunder of the common-lands, the creation and exploitation of a proletariat, the banishment of morality from industry, the general confusion of ethics as well as of doctrine,—these evils cannot be hid, but that they are the direct outcome of the breach with Catholic tradition effected by the Reformation those that most suffer from them do not yet recognize, because of the long conspiracy of non-Catholic history against the truth.

Closely allied to religious prejudice as a source of error in English history is that due to national or racial sentiment. There are few historians who are not partizans and who do not allow their patriotic feelings to palliate their country's crimes and exaggerate its exploits. A recent *History of England* by Kipling and Fletcher which is written throughout in a jingoistic, undemocratic, anti-Catholic vein carries this spirit to an extreme, but it is manifest in greater or less degree in all school-histories. The evil wrought in Germany by this chauvinistic style has awakened us to its danger. That form of patriotism which is shown by applying different standards to our own conduct and that of other nations, which claims a divine commission to conquer other states, which puts national interests before justice, which vents itself in arrogant boasting or contemptuous abuse of "the foreigner"—of that spirit our histories in the interests of truth and justice need to be purged. And now, one would think, is a favourable moment to do it when we see how ugly it looks pushed to its logical extreme. One need not deny the past well-authenticated exploits of one's race in promoting true civilization; one may rightly deduce, if the evidence warrants, a preponderatingly beneficial influence on human destinies of one's national action, but this patriotic impulse should not blind one to what is faulty, aggressive, selfish, criminal, unjust, in the nation's history. It should be possible to be patriotic without being prejudiced, faithful to one's country yet faithful to truth as well.

I may venture to illustrate this need of fair-mindedness and the prevalence still of the opposite spirit, by a reference to the

common historical view of our dealings with Spain found in our text-books. No country, save perhaps Ireland, has been so uniformly maligned. It seems impossible for the modern historian to shake off the Elizabethan tradition in this matter, to the growth of which both religious and racial rancour contributed.

A month or so ago there was a celebration in London to commemorate the Tercentenary of Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Edmund Gosse was chosen to deliver a panegyric of that eminent Elizabethan. A more unblushing, because seemingly quite unconscious, exhibition of national phariseism than that pronouncement can rarely have been achieved. All the way through the scales were pressed down against Spain. In the same breath in which he denounced her inordinate lust for power, he extolled his hero's "unflinching determination to see the name of England written across the forehead of the world." The Kings of Spain are blamed for "ruthless ambition," whereas Raleigh's piratical activities are justified because he judged the time ripe "for English ascendancy." Again, "the King of Spain blasphemously regarded himself as the instrument of God" but, of course, there was no trace of blasphemy in Raleigh's speaking of his own robberies as the work of "those happy hands which the Holy Ghost hath guided." But worse remains, for the panegyrist goes on to palliate the vices of his subject in a series of those specious phrases whereby the freethinker pays unwilling homage to virtue. Raleigh, we are told, has had many detractors "and we may go so far as to admit that he deserved them," which, as the accusations included murder, treachery, and brigandage, is going a considerable distance. But Mr. Gosse goes on, "he was a typical man of that heroic age in that he possessed, even to excess, all its tropic irregularity of ethics." So we learn from this moralist that one may be a hero and yet a scoundrel, surpassing even one's contemporary scoundrels in the luxuriance of one's wickedness. To be sure, "we find these moral inconsistencies in the best of adventurers," and it would ill beseem us as patriots and men of the world to think less well of Raleigh because of his criminal record. And all this from a man who assumes the highest moral tone in arraigning the hapless Spaniard! The whole speech reeks of that Prussianism, that worship of the State and arrogant racial boastfulness, that we have learnt

to loathe and condemn in the Hun. The account of Raleigh by Sir Sidney Lee in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though it is free from this taint of hypocrisy, is full of gross inaccuracies inspired by national partizanship. In fact, there is no trustworthy Protestant account of the relations between England and Spain, and the outburst of Mr. Gosse, on which I have commented, is merely typical of habits of thought induced by difference of race and religion in minds wholly ignorant of the Catholic *ethos*. If our English histories are to take their due part in the task of reconstruction, they must become a great deal more candid and honest, they should rid themselves of racial arrogance and the pagan sentiment of imperialism, and they must learn to recognize in other nations the national rights they claim for their own country.

We need not dwell on other sources of prejudice, those due to caste and class and party, which disfigure English historical writing. It is unlikely that in any future histories the rights of the working classes will be ignored or any political ideal extolled save that of true democracy. It is of much more importance for the cause of Truth that the great false Protestant tradition should be overthrown and that at least our own children, who in most cases get their knowledge of history through a non-Catholic medium, should have access to the facts. The great apostasy from the source and guardian of religious truth in the sixteenth century did manifold injury to social and industrial life as well, and indeed to all departments of human activity. This age is beginning slowly and painfully to recover something of its lost heritage. If only history can be brought to deal candidly with the Reformation—its real motives, its true character, its genuine results—then religious truth will be re-established and from all other relations, national and international, social, political and economic, the virus of Protestant individualism may be finally expelled and the brotherhood of man once again recognized. But the reconstruction of history is clearly our first task.

J. KEATING.

"CHIPS" IN A MARKET GARDEN

IT is common knowledge that, owing to the immense demand for timber, Canadian and American "lumber-jacks" have been at work for a considerable time past in English forests. Not least among the national sacrifices we are called upon to make is that of our noble and historic trees. But so sweeping is the sacrifice, there is actually some danger that unless special steps are taken to secure exemption in particular cases, there are whole tracts of country where no woods will be left standing at all! From the giants of Windsor Great Forest to the striplings of the hillside coppice, English trees are being felled, and whole plantations no older than thirty or forty years are invaded long before their proper time by the axemen.

There is a wood in Somerset—a long dark wood crowning a bold ridge of the Mendips—upon which premature toll has been levied for the last few winters. It is a solemn wood of young pine and fir and larch lit here and there with the green-gold glory of birch or sycamore, or the silvery grace of hornbeam. You come upon the serried mass of trees quite suddenly. They crown the sheep-cropped hill with its grey rocks and tangle of gorse and bracken, and are girt with a long low wall of rough stone. A wicket gate gives immediate access to their long drawn sonorous aisles. The wind soughs high overhead like the sea, but below there is silence. All the ground is carpeted with the trefoil leaves, like shamrock, of oxalis, incredibly bright and fresh, with myriads of the dainty blossom. Once well within its glades the wood stretches away on every hand

"Pines and pines, and the shadow of pines
As far as the eye can see."

Here are woodland tracks perhaps, and here an avenue, but every vista is closed by the crowding of slender dark-hung masts; there is minor poetry, and a sense of mystery in the resinous calm air. High up against the blue sky the tree tops spread and take on something of the joyousness of spring.

And then there opens a patch of clearing where felling has been going on, and the tall red trunks lie prostrate. There are jagged stumps and chips, the trimmings of branches, and the

ground is spread with needles and with cones. Everywhere the white gashed wood exudes a pungent terebinth.

There are further glades spread now with a sheet of woodland blue where wild hyacinth holds sway, now with the zephyr-tossed anemone where the conifers give place a little to the greener trees. Immense violets peep all over the ground, and in the deeper grassier spots there is the broad glisten of arum leaves, twixt which the slender green hoods point everywhere like the erect attenuated cowls of some lowly community of woodland monks. It is a wide far-spreading wood, whose illusive recesses would have long remained virginal and untouched but for the war. As it is, the axeman has been busy here, and hundreds of slightly grown young trees have been drawn to supply for timber no longer shipped from Scandinavia.

For in the village down there in the plain, they make the "chips" or lightsome little baskets of wood shavings used all over the west country for the harvest of the fruit season. Thousands must be ready by June for the strawberries alone. It is a dainty gentle industry, as truly indigenous a village craft as ever the most earnest reviver of rural arts could seek—too late—to save or introduce afresh. But the "chip" making at C— is threatened now, and even as I write the knell may be sounding of another "non-essential" trade. A year or two ago there were thirteen or fourteen men and apple-cheeked apprentice boys in the village wheelwright's yard. There are only two or three left to-day; the names of some of the others are enshrined amid Whitsun blossoms in the old grey church. A man or so more plucked from the heart of Somersetshire peace, and the yard closes down. In the meantime there are the village women with deft fingers, bright faces and soft west country voices, in overalls as fresh as the lime-washed cottages, to carry on some parts of the work.

There has been, locally, a revolution in the fruit-basket world. Before the war, deal was the wood which used to be employed, and the "Swedish" pattern ruled the aesthetics or the utilities of the craft. Everyone remembers the useful diamond plaited basket of thin strips of wood, which used to be lined with broad cool leaves and loaded with fruit from Covent Garden or the market. There is no Continental deal for the purpose to-day, so English pine, an inferior material,

is substituted, and since it cannot well be cut in sufficient lengths for the favourite diamond weaving, the rectangular pattern, hitherto only used for cheap and small work, is universally followed. The old style baskets used to be given out to be made of an evening in the farm or village houses round about ; now a few girls work through the winter in the "shop," and contrive by the middle of May to turn out the hundreds of scores of "chips" requisite for the coming season.

These fruit baskets are not made from the by-product or refuse wood from the carpenter's bench, but from timber, timber specially cut for the purpose. Hence the trees in the plantation on the hill are all destined to be wrought not into doors or boxes or furniture but simply into little market baskets for gooseberries and currants. It is an amazing fact that once the mast is down, it takes no more than an hour or so of the forenoon to convert it wholly into a few crate loads of white and shining "chips."

The trunk they lay upon the table is that of a pine about fourteen feet long, by one or one and a half in diameter. The thick end of the bole rests upon a little trolley the metals for which are half hidden in a carpeting of sawdust. This carries the entire log forward as the sawing proceeds until it is riven from end to end. At the other extremity an iron pin is driven, and a light wire hawser attached to this is slowly wound in so as to draw the tree lengthwise against the teeth of the circular saw. This latter is set in motion and amid a fine spray of sawdust and the pungent exhalation of pine, a plane is gradually cut, shaving off a narrow bark-bound plank, which sags as it is lifted aside like a long strip of hide. It is a harsh strident note the saw strikes as it bites into the wood amid a flying of initial chips, but after that the work goes forward with amazing ease at a uniform and steady pace, unless with a decided drop in the tone and an apparent struggle the saw has to eat its way past knot or rugged boss in the grain.

Two men, the one to guide, the other to wind the log, are working at the bench. Occasionally there is a pause to under-rake the mountains of sawdust like fine oatmeal, or to feed a drop of oil to the saw. They seldom speak, not that the crude dominating sound of the cutting prevents, in that otherwise quiet, felted place, but that a perfect harmony of knowledge and experience unites their manipulation of the log.

One side of it is cut : it is turned or adjusted for a second at the true right angle. But the bole is not to be squared. They make a measurement of about four inches and immediately proceed to the cutting of a clean stout plank. It comes off the bench, a fine rough-surfaced piece of carpentry, and the foreman measures up upon it a series of equal lengths with a ruler and a stub of pencil. He skips the knots, but the plank is a good length, so he takes a handsaw and severs it in two. Now the thing can be handled. He lifts it over to the band saw, a vertical ribbon of steel, and lays it on the table in front. With a pull of the lever to start the machinery, he confronts the saw with the slab of wood. It is eaten through in less time than it takes to tell, as easily as cheese is cut with wire. Two or three blocks are cut off, exactly similar in shape and size, like small paving stones. The wood is freshly sawn on three sides, but a narrow strip of bark still adheres to the fourth.

A third operation finishes the process. There is a plane set diagonally in a shutter like a guillotine. It works rapidly up and down. The narrow sawn edge of the wooden block is held closely to this, and the "chopper," making no more ado about the job than did the circular saw or the band, shaves it down in a trice : a shower of "chips," wet and curling, thin as paper or no thicker than the finest of cardboard, piling up on the floor at its foot. They are absolutely uniform, of course, as to width and length, satiny to the touch and light as a feather. Here and there a knot presents the other edge of the grain (the "chips" are cut across it) and falls out crumbling, leaving a circular hole which may be big enough to cause the rejection of the slip. Dark and moist with sap, the shavings are translucent enough for microscopic sections.

A girl sits beside the chopper, on the floor, and gathers up the material slat by slat in her hand so that their tendency to curl may be checked. Otherwise it might be carried off by the apronful to the shed adjoining, where the "chips" are being made. A couple or more of blocks are shaved down, and there is plenty for the workers to go on with for the morning. . . .

It hasn't taken long to replenish the workroom, although but an hour ago supplies were running down, and the pine log lay out in the sun in the little yard just as it came from the

wood. There is no hurry and no driving. The peace of the entire village pervades the place, and everyone "carries on" serenely. Sunshine and sawdust are everywhere, and the sweet spring air. It is bright and still and warm. Outside, about the yard there are piles of tree trunks, elm and pine, sheaves of planks and poles stacked against shed walls, carts upended awaiting repair, broken wheels of all sorts, and all the picturesque yet workmanlike litter of a joiner's, carpenter's or wheelwright's premises. Beyond are glimpses of lilac trees and of orchards vividly green and a mass of white and pink blossoms, grey stone cottages festooned with snowy clematis and cascades of wistaria, or freshly lime-washed blinding sun-smitten white, or cream, and Somersetshire pink. Beyond are hills—but it is only a glimpse amid the sheds, for here in a long clean "shop" are the girls making the "chips." They stand beside a shelf or table that runs down the side of the room; underneath it are reserves of fresh material, and the floor is strewn with discarded slips.

The chip-making outfit consists of an oblong board, like a pastry board, up from and down upon which lifts a block of wood the shape and size of the basket to be modelled round it. The size runs from one to six according to the carrying capacity from 1 lb's weight to 6. The block itself, in each case, weighs as much as the chip made upon it is designed to carry. Four small brads or pins regulate the placing and alignment of the slips. The two sides are first laid down with a gap between. The ends are adjusted against a narrow movable bar of wood pinned in place by a catch on the left hand side of the board, so that the additional slips, which presently form the bottom of the "chip," are properly interlaced at right angles. The bar serves as a sort of 'square.' In the gap between the sides are laid two more slips of equal width. Three more slips compactly woven over and under these alternately, like a child's paper mat, form the little fabric on the flat. Now the moulding block is brought down upon it and the bar pushed aside to allow for the turning up of the sides. First, however, four narrow 'borders,' pliable yet tough as whalebone, are applied in pairs lengthwise over and under the edges of the two longer sides, to form the binding of the chip, and are secured temporarily with a stout little spring clip. This done, the sides of the basket are turned up,

beginning with the ends. The borders and the bands are made to fit and overlap in proper sequence, and secured, again, with clips, the whole elastic pliant fabric being as firmly pressed about the centreblock as possible, to take a good shape. The deft business is all complete in a few minutes, only delayed a second or two should a bordering strip break and necessitate the substitution of a flawless one. The block is thrown up and the shell of the basket removed and set aside to be carried off presently with a pile of others to have the wire stitches put in here and there, releasing the clips, and to have the handle added. This consists of a double strip of wood about the same width as the border—an inch, or inch and a half—hooped across the middle of the basket and secured within the bands of the latter by a couple of wire stitches.

A machine—a large vertical affair, with a foot much like a sewing machine—is fed with silvery wire from a spool, and worked by a treadle. With a turn or two of the hand presenting one point after another, the worker "feeds" the basket to the fastener, and with a click or two the "chip" is finished, as lightsome, neat, and serviceable a little carrier as the heart could desire, ready to be lined with rhubarb leaf and piled with the most luscious fruit whose sweet crimson juice ever stained the cream and ivory graining of its translucent slats. The process is complete. Simple as it is there are all sorts of delightful little technicalities to be observed which distinguish the expert from the novice, and add the elements of a true craft to the "chip" making. The right side, rough or smooth, of the slips must be decided, the concavity or convexity of green timber wet from the plane must be properly met, suitable pieces selected for the weaving, and correct overlapping carried out at the ends.

The baskets are sold per gross. Before the war the price stood at 10s. 6d.; at the present moment owing to the increase in the price of wood, and the cost of labour, it is 22s.

The girls work from nine o'clock to six, with an hour mid-day for dinner, and a half-holiday on Saturdays. They earn 1s. 8d. per gross, and it is possible to make a couple of gross of chips in a day. The average weekly wage would work out at about 16s.

There are by-products from the industry and nothing is

wasted. The refuse shavings may be gathered up for the asking, and dried, make excellent kindling. The sawdust at 8d. a bag is used as bedding for horses.

There has been ingenuity at C—— in keeping up the local craft and adapting it to war conditions. If it comes to an end, as others in the place have done long ere now, it may be doubted if it will revive, and what will the strawberries do then, poor things?

ADA TEETGEN.

BETHLEHEM

IN 1917

(Translation from *Joannes Jorgensen*).

The Christ-Child speaks:—

YE would at length have Peace on Earth, ye say?
 A thousand years, a thousand passed away,
 I stood for you, a sacrificial lamb—
 Lamb among wolves, and dove 'mid birds of prey—
 And reaped your thanks, the thanks of scorn and shame.

Lo, nineteen centuries! The pay ye gave
 Was nineteen blood-soaked cycles of your Time;
 Red, like the pieces paid for Judas' crime,
 Ye cast those years as stones before My grave.

And now ye ask that I shall bring you Peace—
 Ye seek what ye have never sought before
 Wist ye at last no other way but this?

But ye shall knock upon a fast-shut door.
 Away from Me!—I know you well, I wis.
 A god such as ye trust in is no more.

What ye have wanton sowed, that shall ye reap.
 The red flower of your sins has seeded deep,
 The red fruit of your crimes—now take and keep.

For he who taketh sword, by sword shall die.
 Empty stands Bethlehem. No lodestar lights the sky.

IN 1919

(An Answer.)

That voice is passed, Friend, hear now whence it came.
No Christ-Child, but some spirit of love and flame
For justice and the dooms of ancient days
Cried, from the depths of his angelic shame
At man's ungratefulness. But now, the blaze
Of War's dread lightnings passed, down through the haze
Shines the pure golden gleam once more;
The lodestar stands again above the door.
Across the sudden silence falls His voice,
Quelling the din of war and calming passion's noise.

"For nineteen centuries I watch and wait,
Seeking to find My lost ones. Late, 'tis late
Ere all My suffering children come to Me.
Can ye not understand My ministry?
No word is here of debt for tooth and eye.
Bought with My sovran blood, what strive ye yet to buy?

"Alone I trod the winepress. Blood of Mine,
Paid once as ransom, perfect and divine,
Brings your redemption and your pain's surcease.
Ye seek for Peace. I wait, the Prince of Peace.
Is it nothing to you I wait, ye that pass by?
Come unto Me, yea, come? The price is paid.

"Not nineteen cycles wearied nor dismayed
My charity. Let be—Why will ye die?
Room is for all, in My great charity.
My Love a fountain is that ne'er runs dry.
Where scarlet sins are blanched, and hate and wrong.

"Let now no discord mar My angels' song.
Come, ye that suffered, ye that strove and died,
And ye whose tears of loss will not be dried,
Arise and leave your sorrows. Most and least,
Pass through the open gates to the Lamb's wedding-feast."

KATHLEEN HOGAN.

"NOT AS MAN JUDGES . . ."

(One little word. The boy who told me this and many other tales, died of wounds not very long ago, and I know he would not mind my retelling what, as far as I know, he told me in confidence, and what I treated as such during his lifetime.)

I. THE POINT OF VIEW.

BERNARD appeared to be suffering from intense embarrassment. He lay flat on the lawn a little below me with his face almost completely covered by his panama hat, and he was trying to talk to me from underneath it.

"I think I am in reality a little mad," he said, "and I shall agree with the next person who tells me so. It's very good for the soul; also it disconcerts one's enemy, which is most important."

"Tell me what you were going to," I said.

He wriggled a little where he lay, and negotiated his cigarette as best he could from under his extinguisher.

"It's like this," he said, "I've been seeing quite a lot of things lately at a weird angle, and I rather wonder if it is the right angle, and if so what on earth it all means."

"What things?" I demanded.

"Well, the sort of things I suppose you, and all of us, are instinctively rather afraid of—pain for instance, and poverty, and all kinds of inconveniences that one runs miles to get away from."

"Well?" I asked.

He said nothing for a minute or two; then he began:

"The other day," he said, "I was wandering round by the stables, and I met, coming up the back drive, a most miserable-looking individual, a man of the beggar class, old and bent, and of an indescribable raggedness and poverty. When he saw me he just gave me a furtive look, and went on his way to the back premises.

"He disappeared round the corner of the stable-yard and presently I heard the voice of a domestic running up and down a sort of chromatic scale of protest and indignation; and after a minute or so the tramp re-appeared, not hurrying himself in the least, but followed some way behind by the aforesaid domestic who apparently hadn't finished her song.

" 'Coming 'ere beggin'! " she said; " 'them as didn't ought to exist! Nobody wants 'em; no more good 'n a headache! " and a good deal more of the same refined sort.

" It was a very ordinary little incident. I felt relieved that I wasn't the poor beggar, I remember, and I suppose that started the weird sort of experience I'd had once or twice before. . . .

" I was lying just where I am now, and was thinking rather hard over the beggar incident, pitying him, and thanking my stars I didn't have to go on tramp, and so on; and with all there was an extraordinary sort of contentment, not the kind that is only the absence of discomfort, but a very real and positive tranquillity. And as it happens sometimes, the general surroundings gradually took on a kind of unreality. Everything *looked* as usual. The grass and the trees, and the little hedge of flowers I could see from where I lay; but there seemed to be something behind it all that, so to speak, took the shine out of everything. The position was rather like that of an artificial flower up against a real one; everything around remained extremely real in a material sense, but from the point of view of value things scarcely existed. It was rather as if the ordinary world had shifted a little like a bit of scenery and was showing something that lay behind, a sort of world or existence (I can't explain) of an immense importance; and it seemed too as if, what I suppose is my soul, had got twisted into a position to realize, in a measure, what went on there.

"It was as if there melody and light and fragrance were all melted together in a gorgeous whole.

" There were presences too, smiling, utterly content, and somehow familiar; and again over all there rested a Greater and all satisfying Presence.

" And in the midst of the whole thing walked the beggar (no, I don't mean I actually saw him; he was just an impression like the rest). He was quite unchanged. He was in his rags and poverty, but it was the point of view (so it seemed) of the society he was in that was different . . . This other world seemed to smile on him rather as ordinary people smile upon the great and the gifted, and he carried his poverty as we should carry honour. In the sight of this silent smiling company he appeared as a veritable Prince. The weird part about it is that it all seemed so immensely important . . . and it does now when I think about it."

Then I'm afraid I made a horribly obvious remark, and Bernard sat up suddenly.

"Of course not!" he said, "I might as well try to be the King of England. I tell you it's a royal inheritance as I see it . . . I told you I was mad!!!"

II. DIGBY

And so I had assumed my most intolerable manner, and informed Bernard that his reluctance to tell me any more of his weird little tales was nothing but pride and want of simplicity, and he had with much emphasis thrown a handy cushion at my head, and promised a thousand little narratives for the future if, as he genially explained, "I would only shut up!"

Outside it poured with rain. I was in legitimate possession of a very comfortable arm chair, and Bernard was attempting gymnastic impossibilities on the piano. Presently he stopped and whirled deliriously on the piano stool.

"Remember Digby last year?" he asked.

I remembered. He was alluding to a horrid little incident at a local concert of some importance, when an amateur of apparently great reliability had attempted a pianoforte solo and had broken down.

"Weren't you awfully sorry for him?" demanded Bernard; "and weren't you glad you weren't in his shoes, and wasn't the whole affair one of those things you didn't like thinking about afterwards and . . .?" he paused and looked at me.

"Yes," I said, "precisely."

He got up and came over to where I was, and settled himself in a deep chair, so that as he sat I could see almost nothing of his face.

"Very well then," he said, "listen."

"You didn't know Digby, but his was an extraordinarily attractive personality, and when he came and settled here in the town it did not take people long to find it out. Characteristic of the inhabitants of all small towns, they all rushed at poor old Digby, as the world will rush at a novelty. They pronounced him to be charming (which he was) and thereafter besieged him with invitations. I met him continually and everywhere; people liked his music, they appreciated his naturalness and his total lack of conceit. A chattering

woman or so discovered that he was well connected, and voila tout! he settled down to a generally accepted popularity. Later on, he even had his place as member of various local public bodies, and this sort of thing went on until the concert incident; that was the beginning of it all.

"People took his failure in different ways. Some were very decent over it, and others, in spite of his popularity, were frankly contemptuous, and things started to go somehow crooked after that. I can't go into many details, but one after another little things cropped up to put the poor chap in the wrong. He seemed to get on the worst side of every situation, and altogether, he, comparatively suddenly, came in for a series of horrible snubs.

"Now the spirit of a small town is not altogether as benevolent as it might be, and I noticed that gradually people began to drop Digby out of their social functions, not for any definite reason that I could see, except that he had ceased to be a success, that was quite enough; but finally, what put the finishing touch to all was that something occurred, connected with his post in the town that as manager he could not satisfactorily explain; that did it: he either resigned of his own accord or had to resign. Anyhow he departed from the town in an atmosphere of general dismal disfavour.

"Now I'm afraid I didn't shine in the affair either; I didn't stick to him possibly as I might have done; and in consequence I felt a beast. I even went as far as to mention it in confession, and was told to say a Rosary for anyone I hadn't been decent to, that they might at any rate benefit a little by my unkindness. This struck me as Irish but very sound, and thus it was that I dug out my Rosary and started on the Joyful Mysteries entirely for Digby's benefit.

"Now this is what happened, it is the best description I can give of what were just a series of vivid impressions.

"I had come to the end of the first two mysteries and had paid very little attention I'm afraid to all I had been saying. I had just told myself ideal little stories about each mystery as it came along, like a child with a picture book, and as I started the third mystery, I began to make little mental pictures and representations about it. It was all there as I had imagined it a thousand times before, the poor stabbling, the moonlit night, the little chilly wind that blew, then the progress step by step past the tethered cattle towards the light that showed beyond in the inner stable, and the sound

of gentle footsteps rustling in straw, and so on till I knelt before a battered wooden manger and Him whom it held.

"Well, then, quite suddenly, spreading and encompassing like sunshine, there come over all a sort of irresistible fascination, an enchantment which gave a vivid perception of a beauty impossible to define, but so great as to completely arrest the efforts of a moment before. All my little pictures had vanished, and left me conscious only of this arresting beauty, of a sensitive soul and of an immense contentment.

"And so I stayed, until I began in little vivid flashes of comprehension to understand what it all might mean.

"First, I knew that I was no longer in the region of my own imagination, but that now instead I knelt in very real Company and in a region that held no time. It is difficult to describe this exactly, but I knew that the passage of time as we conceive it here was non-existent, everything remained in an eternal Present. This sounds quite cracked, but it is all I know. Then I understood, that the mystery that had been in my mind and which was to us a past event, a memory of our Faith, was to this Company in which I knelt, still an ever-present Act, contemplated with an eternal joy, and that in relation to this Mystery we, all of us, had no place in time either, we were all there in that stable, each one with what lay in his life to give.

"There were tiny children smiling and unafraid offering nothing but a baby comradeship; there were princes and the great ones of the earth, there was Digby, he was a very important person indeed among the Magi and with those who had most to give, he came, very rich, very welcome, holding out his humiliations, pearls of great price to eager Baby Hands."

"And yet," added Bernard, turning a troubled face in my direction, "if I see a second cousin to a humiliation coming my way, I still run for my life!! Pourquoi?"

III. THE COMRADE.

As I came round the high yew hedge and out on to the terrace, I caught Bernard's last remark to his nurse. "Everything eatable tastes exactly like kid gloves," he was saying, "and there's a caterpillar in my tea!"

Then perceiving me he waved a welcoming hand.

"How very awful!" I exclaimed; "you're evidently quite

an impossible convalescent. Kid gloves indeed! Have you tried the caterpillar?"

He grinned at me from where he lay. "You're weeks late," he said, "but it's so good to see you I'd do any old thing. Seize yonder chair and come and jaw to me."

Certainly in appearance Bernard had changed considerably. It was a terrible gaunt young man who lay there "recovering from many ills," as he put it; but as I talked to him I was greatly relieved to find that in himself he seemed very little different for all his experiences of France and War.

The nurse had bustled gently on my arrival, and effaced herself.

"Now you have company," she said, "I'll go for an hour. There are the cigarettes, and the matches, and the little dose in case of the pain, and I leave you in good hands."

She smiled across at me and departed. I pulled my chair closer and settled down to talk and to observe.

Now I had a considerable affection for Bernard. He was really quite a delightful person in his way, and I had at one time known a good deal of the more serious side of his character. He had told me one or two weird little tales that had been interesting, and as I talked to him now, I found myself wondering how this side of his character had developed, or if it had developed at all during his long absence abroad. It was impossible to tell, and, of course, equally impossible to ask. Outwardly he was the same joyous, spontaneous youth I had always known, having a keen sense of the ridiculous, and an incorrigible little habit of poking fun at people. But this told me nothing, so there I sat and wondered about what really wasn't in the least my business, while we talked tranquilly about nothing in particular.

Enlightenment came suddenly and unexpectedly.

He was in the middle of telling me an absurd little anecdote of the elderly housekeeper at the local Presbytery, who, being deplorably short-sighted, and having a fondness for cats, had, in the dusk of the evening, treated a specimen of art pottery (recently installed upon the top of a cupboard) to a tender and lengthy monologue, being under the impression that she was talking to her friend Tom! "And the beauty of it all was," chuckled Bernard, "that——," and then he stopped and twisted suddenly in his chair,

"Yow!" he said softly.

"Hallo! what's up?" I asked. "Pain?"

He said nothing, and I saw that his face had gone rather white and pinched. I reached out a hand towards the bottle of medicine the nurse had left, but Bernard suddenly shook his head.

"But, my dear chap——," I began.

He gave another little twist and looked at me for a second.

"Please," he said, "go and sit down and don't do anything at all," and again, "*please*," he begged.

I was helpless. I measured out a little of the medicine into a glass and put it near him. He was obviously in a good deal of pain, but he meant what he said, evidently, and I could do nothing.

So I sat and watched a dismal figure, who lay with a grey face and closed eyes, and hands with fingers that tightly clasped turned-in thumbs, and presently little beads of sweat crept over the creased forehead and slid swiftly down on to the pillow.

Why I didn't get up and agitate, and insist on medicine being taken, I don't know, but I understood, perhaps, better afterwards why I didn't. Anyway, there I sat in misery, feeling the situation to be becoming positively tragic.

Bernard put the lid on all tragedy by his next remark. His colour was coming back, and he opened one eye and looked at me.

"Cheerio!" he said. "So sorry to have appeared unsociable." He then deliberately emptied the dose I had poured out for him on to the grass at his side.

I allowed myself to become slightly annoyed.

"Will you please tell me the reason of this wholly unnecessary performance," I demanded, "and why that bottle of medicine is used only as an ornament?"

"It isn't an ornament when nurse is here," Bernard protested. "I drink gallons of it."

"Then why? I began—then I had an inspiration——

"Bernard," I said (I suppose I must have sounded very much in earnest) "you've one of your mad-headed theories over this business, I'm certain. You used to tell me some weird tales, and there's one attached to all this, or I'm very much mistaken."

He looked at me affectionately.

"You old bandersnatch!" he said, "there is, but——"

"But what?"

"You'll think me a fool or worse if I told you."

"So very good for you," I remarked cheerfully, conscious that I was being insufferably indiscreet.

That decided it, however.

"Gi' me a cigarette," he said, "And I'll tell you all I know.

"Well, then, it was before this last wretched illness crocked me up, and when I was actually wounded in hospital. I was, like everyone else, having a good deal of pain. The nights were the worst. There you lie, grunting and twisting as much as their beastly surgical contraptions will let you, unable to sleep, and altogether it's no fun at all. There was a very decent padre who visited the hospital from time to time. Knowing I was a Catholic he used to come and make cheery remarks.

"He wasn't a bit given to jawing on pious subjects, but one day he asked me if I had much pain, and I told him 'I supposed I was having my share' and he suddenly made a funny little upward movement of his hands."

"Oh well," he said, "Offer it up!"

"Now I know this wasn't at all a new or original remark, but the idea appealed greatly. It was the attractive way he put it, I suppose. Anyway, to make a short story of it, I began to act on his advice, and I noticed after a time that it became extraordinarily soothing to lie there, making tiny wordless acts that needed scarcely any effect at all. Then one morning, very early, I was going through the usual sleepless performance—and having recourse time after time to the magic of my little acts, and there came to me that sort of inner sight that I have told you of before.

He broke off and laughed a little.

"The first time I mentioned it to you, you were heard to mutter something uncomplimentary about 'Fantastic rubbish.' I remember—yes, you were!"

"However," he continued, "please don't think I am being flippant; I'm really quite in earnest."

"Of course, what I am trying to describe had nothing whatever to do with one's ordinary sense of sight—it is far more as if one had one sense that comprised all five. This is not a brilliant description, but you'll probably know what I mean. Anyway, I lay there that morning, feverish, throbbing with pain, and trying to understand. First I became vividly conscious that there existed a Personality, whose Being concerned me very closely—so closely that my own

existence rested entirely upon it. I felt to be dependent upon it. I felt to be dependent upon an Infinite Vitality, as a flame is dependent upon the oil it burns, and that my life was a slender fragile thing, held in a tender kindly Hand.

"Then across the contentment of it all there came a terribly vivid impression of the pain . . . the impression of a Divine Liberty imprisoned in the fetters of humanity—a perception of grief that wept and wept uncomfited, and of a Soul enduring a fierce pain that had no likeness. Then silently this wonderful suffering Personality sent forth appeal after appeal, strong and insistent, for human sympathy. It seemed to be stretching forth suppliant hands, and begging as a poor man would beg, and my will leapt to making act upon act, hot, fierce, and wordless, in response to this insistent appeal.

"Then over all the almost unbearable emotion there stole a sense of repose and contentment—moving in gentle waves, soaking and soaking gradually into me as wine will soak into bread, and with this came a recognition of an Activity in me that was none of mine and that was wholly independent of all my effort. It was as if all I would say was said, and all I could desire was mine—and that this suffering Being had gently grasped, possessed, and finally absorbed all my individuality, and held complete dominion over a motionless soul. . . .

"The physical pain that I had called mine, remained, but the weary weight of it had gone. I knew it was no longer I who suffered, but my kindly Possessor who suffered instead. . . .

"I suppose," he went on, "it is much the same as the well-worn tale of Simon the Cyrene, who carried no cross of his own, but who was offered a share in that of his Master. But until I understood, how could I have imagined the existence of a Comrade, Who, in the place of a little feeble human misery, would offer us a share in the treasures of his Own Pain?" . . .

I was rather more touched by this than I cared to show, so I took refuge in a little friendly abuse.

"Of all the morbid . . . un——," I began, but he interrupted me by laughing..

"Humbug!" he said. "You understand perfectly."

"Yes, but I don't agree a bit," I protested. "St. Gertrude expressly——"

Bernard reached out a foot and kicked me gently.

"Here's nurse!" he said. "Not a word!"

O. D. BAMFORD.

THE TEACHING OFFICE OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

TWO years ago the Anglican Church held a "National Mission of Hope and Repentance." Many of our readers will have had the opportunity of observing how services and meetings were widely held throughout the Anglican parishes of the kingdom on a systematic plan, with the purpose prefixed of being a "Mission-call to corporate repentance and to hope in Christ as the living answer to our needs." To quote from the foreword of the present Archbishop of Canterbury to a Report that lies before us, "the call told: not of course universally but widely: we found that people were ready to face familiar facts afresh; that a new spirit was breathing upon dry bones; that we must, and could be, up and doing; as we appraised the outcome of the Mission-call five subjects in the life of Church and nation stood out with obvious claim for our re-handling: the character and manner of our teaching; our worship; our evangelistic work; the discovery of removable hindrances to the Church's efficiency; the bearing of the Gospel message on the industrial problems of to-day." Five influential Committees "of the best and strongest" were accordingly appointed, and the year 1917 was spent by these Committees in dealing with their task. The Reports of these five Committees are now in hand and are published by the S.P.C.K. As was to be expected they offer a wide field of materials for the study of those who are interested, not only in the work of the Anglican Church, but in the condition and prosperity of the Christian religion in our present age. To cover so much in a single article even by way of a cursory consideration would be impossible. What we are attempting to do at present is to make some observations on the first of these five Reports, which is entitled the Teaching Office of the Church, and it is from the foreword to this by the present Archbishop of Canterbury that we have taken the few words above cited.

And we would begin by defining the mental attitude which we feel very deeply is that which Catholics should adopt in approaching a subject like this. We live in an age when

faith in many quarters is dying out and is predicted to be on the road to final extinction, and yet in one where, side by side we see one class which has been led by this general tendency to apostasy to cling more firmly to the faith once delivered, and another which if engulfed in the waves of religious perplexity is still clinging to the drift-wood left over from the shipwrecks and is struggling hard to reach the *terra firma*. Surely between these two latter classes there should be a fellow-feeling which should bring them together at least in an earnest desire on the part of those who stand safe on the shore to see that the strugglers with the waves should make good progress towards the land. It is at all events in this spirit that we study this Report before us, with its endeavour on the part of our Anglican friends to deliver themselves if it may be out of the flood of unsatisfactory teaching in which as their self-examination of conscience has made them realize they are so deeply immersed.

The Report commences by stating what it understands to be the teaching office of the Church :

[It says] The teaching office of the Church is twofold. On the one hand the Church's function is to set forth the truth of the divine revelation consummated in Christ, as contained in Scripture, and as interpreted and evolved in the past. . . . On the other hand it has the duty of interpreting this Gospel for each generation, of expressing it in the thought and language of the times, and in the light of advancing knowledge, and of presenting it to the world as a living faith." This work it acknowledges that the Church has done for nearly two thousand years, with the result that the message thus delivered and handed down has become "one of the bases upon which the whole of our modern society is reared." Still it is widely said that "in comparison with other organs of mental or spiritual activity, the Church,"—they mean the Anglican Church, to which in conformity with the commission entrusted to them they confine their investigation—"is failing in its task."

In expounding this accusation the Report does not sin by want of candour. It admits that the Anglican Church is charged with "intellectual failure" in that the message of Christianity as delivered by it is 'out of touch with the thought and ideas of the time and is therefore ineffective'; with practical failure in that its laity are not really instructed in Christian faith and practice, though this was an end that it set before itself specially at the Reformation; with a social

faction in that it has not succeeded in convincing its people that Christianity stands for spiritual equality, brotherhood, and mutual consideration. As an effect of this threefold failure this Church has ceased, it is urged, to hold or attract the more earnest and thoughtful of the young men and women of the country. These are for the most part full of aspirations based on ideals largely drawn from Christian sources, and would respond to wise and sympathetic guidance, yet instead of getting it they find only obstruction and discouragement by which their enthusiasm is damped and they turn aside to movements which are often critical of or antagonistic to organized Christianity. Particularly the clergy, so this accusation runs, are responsible for this failure, the reason being that they are often deficient in conviction and force and spiritual vitality, and fail to understand either the religious life of their people or the normal intellectual life of their time, and as an inevitable consequence their preaching is felt to be commonplace and ineffective.

The Report does not omit to notice that, while these criticisms are urged by outsiders to the Church and by opponents to its claims, they are urged also by many of its most zealous sons who, because of the intensity of their affection for it, are the more distressed to witness these shortcomings in its action on the present age. In estimating the validity of this charge the Report feels that it fails to take into account the difficulty of the Anglican Church's task in an age when the critical spirit has outrun the constructive, and very many of the critics who make these complaints would be quite unable to state positively how they would wish their Church to remedy the evil imputed, at all events without exposing themselves to the counter-criticism even of their fellow-critics. Still, it recognizes that there is much truth in the charges made :

The Church has not the influence it ought to have attained in the general life of the country. There are many in every class throughout the nation who do not come under Christian influence, and would resent the guidance of the Church. There are others who are ready to listen and yet feel that they do not get what they need. The Church often fails to give its message effectively, and many of the clergy are deficient in spiritual earnestness, in intellectual capacity and outlook.

Accordingly it devotes itself to a searching analysis of the

"Causes of failure" and to proposing certain heads of Reform and Reconstruction in the training of the Clergy and their helpers from the Laity, and, in a third section, an elaborate reform in the manner and method of religious education. This constitutes the body of the Report and is signed by the twenty-three members of the Committee, in whose number, to mention a few as indicating its representative character, occur the names of Bishop Chase of Ely, the Chairman, Bishop Gore of Oxford, Bishop Drury of Ripon, The Rev. the Honourable Edward Lyttleton, D.D., late Headmaster of Eton, the Rev. A. C. Headlam, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, the Rev. W. Temple, M.A., Sister Annie Louise, Sister Superior of St. Mary's School, Wantage, Mother Agnes Mason, Sister Superior of the Community of the Holy Family, Mrs. Romanes, and Miss Zoe Fairfield, Assistant Secretary of the Student Christian Movement. To the text itself of the Report are added fourteen Appendices further contributed by different members of the same Committee containing suggestions as to detail, for which, however, the Committee as a whole does not take responsibility, but only those whose signatures are attached to them respectively. The material thus brought together extends over a wide field of subject-matter and presents many points for consideration, and as embodying the experience and reflection of many acute observers will be found highly valuable, not only by those more directly interested in the welfare of the Anglican Church, but by many others who are concerned in their own sphere with religious questions of a like nature. It would be impossible even to epitomize the character of the recommendations on the many subjects towards which attention is thus directed; we must be content to indicate a few of the points only as conveying the friendly criticisms which the Archbishop's Foreword invites as "a welcome contribution from the study and thought of men and women of good-will that [they] may perceive and know what things [they] ought to do that together as the needs of our day demand [they] may go forward."

Among the causes of the failure admitted in regard to the exercise of the Anglican Church's teaching office some are due to the nature of the times and have to be taken into account by all classes of religious organization. "Religious teaching has become one department instead of the animating and

guiding spirit of the whole, and religious thought is in danger of being crowded out by a multitude of rival mental occupations, and not mental only, for the practical demands of life are far more intense now than in any previous age." What is a more serious detail still is the spreading distaste for spiritual occupations and the increased love of pleasure which has "absorbed even the Sunday's rest and encroached upon its observance to an excessive degree." As causes of failure which affect specially the Anglican body are assigned a lack of theological ability in the laity and even in the clergy that is diffused throughout these classes, for no doubt "there is in the Church of England a considerable volume of very reverent, and thoughtful theology, written by those who are in close touch with the life of the day," a tendency to rely too much on the authority of office and to neglect personal experience, so that too often the authority of Tradition has been emphasized without a full conception of the living work of the Spirit. Freedom of research has been discouraged, the minds of the clergy have been cramped, and their authority has been weakened. Many people in consequence, even among the clergy, never seriously endeavour to make up their minds on disputed questions, such, for instance, as Biblical criticism, and many preachers, owing to lack of intellectual courage, ignore great subjects on which restatement is needed, such as the Atonement and the eternal consequences of sin, because they fear to provoke antagonism, and thus integral parts of Christian teaching are entirely omitted. Underlying this intellectual sloth the Report discusses a falling off in the number and quality of those who join the ranks of the clergy. The complexity of modern life offers more openings for civil careers to the educated classes, whilst the falling off in the value of ecclesiastical benefices renders it increasingly difficult for those who feel called to clerical work to find the means of providing adequately for the support of themselves and their families, while again not sufficient advantage is taken of the opportunities now available for recruiting for the ranks of the clergy from the lower-middle and working classes. Then again "the uncertainty that young men feel about the truth of Christianity and matters of theology in the formative period of their lives must be recognized as among the causes which deter many of those who would otherwise be very suitable from adopting a

clerical career ; and this cause is intensified by the spirit of scepticism which prevails so widely at the Universities." Other contributory causes set down in this introspective analysis of the modern Anglican system are ascribed to the weakness of the preliminary training of the candidates, the large majority of whom, even if they go to the University, only take a pass degree, and though this defect is in some degree supplemented by the training which a portion of them receive at a Theological College, these colleges are ill-fitted to train their students up to a satisfactory standard, partly through want of funds and hence of an adequate staff, partly through being mostly run by the religious parties within the Church and hence often inclined to work on narrow lines, with the result that the men in them at an impressionable time of life lack that corrective of individual bias which comes from association with men of opinions different from their own, and from contact with the larger life of the Church. "Thus the present system of special training tends to produce clergy often of great earnestness and devotion, but deficient in intellectual power and alertness, ill-prepared to think out with vigour and rightful independence the questions which are sure to confront them, and apt to be confined in their sympathies and in their general outlook." Again the Report notes as weakening the intellectual life of the clergy, the inadequate distribution of their functions, some being overwhelmed by the absorbing character of their parochial work, whilst others though free from this burden are harassed by the anxieties of poverty which effectually destroy the intellectual stimulus to the study which otherwise might engage, to the immense benefit of their brethren and their church, their ampler hours of leisure. Then again, the clergy are depressed by the want of response to their efforts on the part of their laity which in turn is ascribed by the Report to the failure of the clergy to instruct the laity and the corresponding failure to give the latter a sufficiently responsible share in the work of teaching. Another very serious impediment to the effectual working of the Anglican system in the present age is the extensive failure of home influence. It is for a sound home influence to plant the religious seed in the hearts of the children, and when this is done the schools may hope to foster its growth when they are called upon to contribute their share to the spiritual formation of the young people. But too often now-a-days the

parents neglect their own part in the sacred work, and then it is next to impossible for the schools to supply for the omission. Lastly, among the causes of weakness with which the modern Anglican Church has to contend are to be recognized the divisions which tear Christendom asunder. At the present time particularly when the nations are being brought together both in close alliance and deadly conflict the absence of a really Catholic supernatural fellowship in religion is seen to be specially lamentable.

But let us see what remedies are recommended by the writers of the Report as calculated to extricate their Church from its shortcomings as a teaching Body. Coming to this division of their subject they very naturally consider in the first place what reforms are required in the training and methods of the clergy, for, though they show a marked disposition to claim for their laity an almost equal place with the clergy in the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit leading them into all truth, they recognize that the clergy have at least a special office to search into the truths which the Church is called upon to teach and lay before the laity. But consistently they insist in the second place on a better provision and a better formation of this latter class of their people. And in the last section of their Report they have a somewhat elaborate scheme for the reform of religious education generally.

It is an acknowledged fact that until the last century was well past its middle course a quite astonishing negligence in regard to the training of the clergy prevailed almost universally in the Anglican Church. If a young man wanted to enter the ranks of its ministry he went to the University and took a degree, in the majority of cases a pass degree, and then without any further preparation than he chose to take upon himself voluntarily he could and did get ordained on the title of a benefice to which he was appointed by some diocesan or a private patron, or else on the nomination of some beneficed clergyman who was prepared to take him on for a while as his curate. But this system has long since passed away, not indeed entirely for it is still open to the Bishops to follow it, but because these have agreed together to exact before they will ordain a candidate that he shall have qualified by a special study of his clerical requirements and duties, usually in some theological college, and shall have

been tested by an examination set by the Bishop's Examining Chaplain.

Even this modern arrangement, however, is now-a-days recognized by the general feeling to be sadly inadequate and the Report is insistent on the necessity of improving it radically. And here a very significant cleavage of opinion is acknowledged to have manifested itself among the members of the Committee. All agree as to the utility of University education for their clergy, and all agree that besides the general education which it furnishes as a condition for attaining to its degrees there should be for the clergy a post-graduate training in the special requirements of their ministry. Where the cleavage appears is as to how far this supplementary training shall be furnished in the Universities themselves or in Theological Colleges apart from the Universities under the staffs of their Church's own choosing. Speaking generally those who would have the candidates receive this subsequent training at the Universities themselves argue that the lecturers there obtainable are likely to be of more eminence and intellectual attainment than those in the Theological Colleges, whilst the atmosphere of intellectual freedom which is wont to prevail at Universities is "essential to sound theological development." At Oxford and Cambridge, too, there are well endowed Faculties of Theology by attending which the pupils can be suitably equipped for theological research, whilst at the nine other more modern Universities, as well as at the various University Colleges, the Anglican Church should make provision to be better represented than it is at present, and should account it an advantage rather than the contrary that their students should here be brought into closer association with those under training for the various Nonconformist ministries, as this would tend to make them appreciate the many points of contact between themselves and those other schools of religious thought, and so foster the spreading spirit of reunion. On the other hand, if brought up in Theological Colleges in localities lying like backwaters outside the influence of University thought and research, the pupils tend to become narrow-minded and sectarian, all the more because as things are these Theological Colleges have been founded and sustained by particular parties in the Church and tend to form pupils who are unable to see good in any other party than their own, an evil which will only be partially

remedied if the recommendation of the Report is followed which seeks to place the whole training of the young clergy under the control of a Central Financial Council. This opinion so far is that in expressing which the signatories to the Report agree, but in the Appendices three of its members, Dr. S. J. Tait, Dr. E. W. Barnes, and especially Dr. A. C. Headlam, urge still more strongly their distrust of the Theological Colleges, the last mentioned even going so far as to judge that Colleges like Cuddesdon might just as well be discontinued altogether. The Bishop of Oxford, on the other hand, in an Appendix of his own states the case for the Theological Colleges in terms which bring out a spiritual advantage in them to which the other appendix writers seem to be altogether blind.

Having for the last 47 years had abundant opportunities of acquaintance with universities, and especially with Oxford, and having also been closely connected with Cuddesdon and other theological colleges, I desire to maintain with emphasis that for the majority of young men who contemplate taking Orders it is desirable that as soon as they have completed their general training (which may with advantage include some work in the world, beside their school and college training) they should embark on their special training for Orders in an atmosphere such as is provided in theological colleges away from the university. I have known very many young men who have gone reluctantly to a theological college, perhaps after struggling to be ordained at once or to remain at Oxford, who would in retrospect declare that they "owe their souls" to the theological college. There is not amongst us any enthusiasm for any kind of school or college greater than the enthusiasm of the "old students" for these theological colleges. There they have been really converted or really set upon the path of spiritual thoroughness. There they have found for the first time a spiritual fellowship of the most profoundly Christian kind. There they have learnt the meaning of worship and something at least of the secrets of the spiritual life. And all this depends not merely on the institutions and discipline of the college, but on the absence of the former associations of the university, which tend so commonly to indiscipline and spiritual shallowness or dissipation. Intellectually moreover at the theological college they have felt for the first time—what is one of the greatest and most illuminating of all intellectual experience—the coherence in one indiscernible body of truth of all the "articles" of the Christian faith. Nothing can be a substitute for this intellectual experience. Freedom of criticism and free experience of different points of view are necessary to any full

intellectual life ; but, in our generation, the peril is that we should begin to criticise before we have really learnt to appreciate.

As Catholics we necessarily assent to the judgment of Bishop Gore on this point, and cannot but reflect how, in consistency with it whatever of earnest spirituality there is—and we freely acknowledge there is a good deal of it in the Anglican clergy—is to be found almost entirely in the scions of these theological colleges. If we were to go further and opine that the line of division between the two classes who respectively contend either for or against the education of the clergy in theological colleges or in the Universities alone corresponds with the line dividing those who take a spiritual or only a purely intellectual view of the needful equipment of Christian ministers, the latter class would resent the suggestion. Yet it seems to be supported by the facts, and we may remark incidentally that a similar experience has made the authorities of the Catholic Church resist so strenuously the endeavour in some countries of the civil Governments to enforce education of her young Levites in Universities where the spirit of “free inquiry” prevails.

Connected with the question of the places where and the methods by which the candidates for the ministry should be taught is the question of the syllabus of the subjects on which instruction is to be given them. On this the Report itself has very little to say, but Appendix V, by Dr. H. L. Goudge, of Ely Theological College, has some very drastic emendations of present usage to demand. He calls them indeed emendations which should be introduced in the present system of episcopal examination of the *ordinandi*, but it is the same thing since these examinations should obviously correspond with the system on which the candidates have been trained. The study of Scripture should be more practical and should explain what and how much of what is in Scripture needs to be accepted or rejected as belonging to a past stage of development ; the study of Theology should be disconnected with the Thirty-nine Articles which are ill-arranged and bear mostly on now dead controversies : more attention should be paid to Christian morals : Christian worship should be studied without reference to the Book of Common Prayer : Church History should not be confined as it mostly is to the periods

between the fourth century and the reign of Queen Anne, but should extend from the beginning to the present period.

The Report with its Appendices has much to say about the religious education of the laity, which arises in due sequence from its acknowledgment that—whereas, their Church “set before itself at the Reformation”—in contrast, as it imagined, with the pre-Reformation Church (as to which, however, Cardinal Gasquet’s C.T.S. tract on *Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries*, might profitably be read)—“that the laity should be really instructed in Christian faith and practice, 70 per cent of the soldiers, to take a typical instance, are described as C. of E., but only an insignificant proportion has any real knowledge of what a Churchman is supposed to believe, or any practical appreciation of the use of the Sacraments.” Hence the Report recommends a far-reaching improvement in the character of religious teaching in their Secondary and Primary Schools, and their Sunday Schools alike, an improvement which includes in the first place improvement in the training of those destined to be the teachers in these various institutions. We cannot go into these suggested improvements, we can only take note of the extent to which they find themselves hampered by the State legislation, which tends ever more to destroy religious education by seeking to impress upon it an undenominational and hence an indefinite and almost useless character; how in consequence these Anglican experts feel themselves to be faced by the self-same hindrances to their endeavours as are of such concern to the Catholic teachers. And we cannot but take note also how differently from ourselves they deal with this undenominational difficulty, namely, by giving in to it almost completely, except in the few schools they can keep to themselves, and seeking to entrust the control of it to an “inter-denominational” Board, comforting themselves with the idea that by so doing they are preparing the way to reunion, but failing to see that the reunion to which this path tends is but a fictitious reunion, a handshake over the grave of truth.

In leaving this study of the Report on the Teaching Office of the [Anglican] Church may we, in the same spirit of friendly criticism which the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked for, state the main impression which its contents have made upon us? It is, to be candid, that its authors have lost

all sense of what is meant, in accordance with immemorial Catholic usage, by a Teaching Church. We had occasion to explain what this meaning is in two articles, in the February and March numbers of this periodical, on "Tradition as the Test of Doctrine" and "The Church the Guardian of Tradition," two articles containing the text of a paper read in the autumn of 1917 before the Anglican Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. We may refer back to these articles for the fuller explanation of what Catholicism has always meant by a Teaching Church. Still, to put the point shortly, we may cite the words of St. Paul to St. Timothy (1 Tim. vi. 20), "O Timothy, keep the *deposit* committed to thy trust"; together with the amplification of their meaning as understood by the Catholic Church and expounded by St. Vincent of Lerins:

Who now succeeds into the place of Timothy? To speak in general terms the Church does, or to speak more specifically, the whole body of its rulers does, for they have a complete knowledge of the divine worship, or ought to have it, and communicate it to others. What is meant by "Keep the deposit" save, as St. Paul says, to keep it from thieves, and from enemies, lest when men sleep these should sow cockle over the good wheaten seed which the son of man had sown in his field. Keep the deposit, he says. What is the deposit? It is what has been entrusted to thee, not what thou hast discovered thyself; what thou hast received not what thou hast thought out; not a work of genius but of teaching; not received for private use but for public tradition; a thing brought to thee, not brought out by thee; in regard of which thou shouldst be not an author but a guardian, not an institutor but a follower, not one who leads but one who comes after. . . . Teach what thou has learned, but so teach it that what you say may not be new things, but old things said in a new way.

Can the Anglican Church as portrayed in this Report be regarded as feeling that it has and is exercising a teaching office in this sense? Can it be said to show consciousness of a sacred trust in regard to doctrine and worship which it has faithfully preserved and is prepared sedulously to teach and make its clergy teach to its laity? Can it be said to be conscious of having any message at all of its own to deliver? Had it one, could it be so willing to take the opinions of the present age as tests of the truth of the deposit instead of, like St. Vincent, taking the doctrines of the deposit as tests by which to approve or reject the opinions of the present age?

Had it one, could it be so ready to tolerate or even encourage the utmost individualism in the study of Scripture and theology by its members, and offer them so little authoritative help to check the vagaries and conflicts of their private judgments? Could it tolerate among its adherents so many conflicts of opinion in regard to fundamental belief, thereby making itself responsible for the utter confusion and uncertainty which prevails among its laity? It laments the lack of religious knowledge among these, even in regard to subjects they were diligently taught in their Sunday-school days. Does not that mean that their Sunday-school teaching was too vague and indefinite to last, and is not the reason of this that their Church for want of a message has no distinct and definite voice by which to guide its teachers and their pupils? It was not always quite so bad. A generation or two back it had a sense of the deposit of which Saint Paul speaks, and the wish to preserve it, though in fact what it preserved was in part defective and mutilated; and Bishop Gore's commendation of the Theological Colleges is evidence that there are yet some homes of Anglican ecclesiastical study where this better system prevails. Still the Report testifies to the ascendancy which the ultra-rationalistic divines have by now acquired in their communion, and for this class the words of St. Paul and St. Vincent count for nothing at all. In place of adherence to the deposit received from the apostles they substitute their latest modern theories which St. Paul would call the "profanities of empty words" but which they themselves dignify by the name of religious experience and ascribe to the teaching of the Holy Spirit in them, or the immanence of the Godhead. And so under their leading their poor Church sinks deeper and deeper into the abyss.

S. F. S.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LAST MOMENTS

EVERYONE who reads a modern Life of Oliver Cromwell is aware that all of them give circumstantial accounts of his sayings upon his deathbed. All these modern Lives, whether by Carlyle, Morley, or S. R. Gardiner have been compiled by partizans of the pseudo-protector and I do not think I shall err in asserting that not one single hostile, impartial or really critical account of Cromwell has been published during the past two hundred years. Pending the production of a "Life" which shall not be an eulogy pure and simple, it is just as well to point out that the source from which the modern accounts of Cromwell's last moments has been derived is untrue, that it was never cited by any biographer of Cromwell in his own century, and that the assertions made about the author of this source of information are entirely unsupported by evidence.

The issue of the truth or falsehood of the tract in question is not an unimportant one, for it formed the basis of the whole of a chapter of Carlyle's book and, as cited, depicts the last days of a Puritan saint, even setting out a prayer asserted to have been composed by Cromwell on his deathbed. As against this heroic picture, we have several accounts by contemporaries which do not at all tally. Evelyn, the diarist, for instance, says that Cromwell died in despair, "in a fit of raging," and at least one of the satirical tracts issued during the year after his death asserts that his cries compelled those guarding him to remove him to another bed-chamber remote from the public street.

The tract from which Carlyle and his followers have so lavishly quoted was published on the 9th June, 1659, according to the manuscript date placed upon his copy by the contemporary bookseller, George Thomason; and that this date was correct we now have additional evidence in the recently published transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers, from which it appears that it was entered in those Registers on the 7th June, 1659. The date is important, for Cromwell died at three o'clock in the afternoon

of Friday the third of September, 1658, nine months previously, and there is a reason why the tract was published. I shall point this out later on.

The title-page of the tract (which contained 23 pages) is as follows :

A collection of severall passages concerning his late highnesse, Oliver Cromwell, in his sickness. Wherein is related many of his expressions upon his deathbed. Together with his prayer two or three dayes before his death. Written by one that was then groom of his bedchamber. Entered according to order. London. Printed for Robert Ibbitson, dwelling in Smithfield near Hosier Lane end. 1659.

In modern times two separate authors have been assigned to this tract. Dr. Lingard, usually so acute (who was by no means impressed by it), thought that one Underwood was its writer. I think that his reason was that in a letter to Henry Cromwell, to be found among the Thurloe State Papers, Thurloe, when informing Henry Cromwell of his father's death, tells him that the bearer, Mr. Underwood, who was formerly of his father's bedchamber, will be able to tell him all that passed on that "sad occasion." Had the tract been genuine, therefore, there would have been a good deal to be said for this view of Dr. Lingard's.

On the other hand, John Forster, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* in January, 1856, and after him Carlyle and the rest of the modern writers, have all assigned it to a Quaker called Charles Harvey. There does not exist a scrap of evidence either for the assertion that Harvey was a "groom" of Cromwell's bedchamber, or that he wrote the tract. The reason for this ascription is that Fox, the founder of Quakerism, twice mentions Harvey in his *Journal*, as follows :

One Harvey, y^t had come amongst friends (i.e., the Quakers) but was disobedient, hee waited upon him [Cromwell].

Harvey told mee, which was on of his men y^t waited upon him y^t y^e Doctors was not willinge I should come in to speak with him.'

It would seem, therefore, that instead of being a "groom," or gentleman, of Cromwell's bedchamber, Harvey was a

¹ *Journal of George Fox* (Ed. Norman Penny, 1911), Vol. I., pp. 167 and 327. All that is known about Harvey is comprised in these two passages, in a letter by Harvey in the State Papers of 1654 (p. 33 of the Calendar), and a mention of his name in the Swarthmore MSS.

menial servant. Furthermore the tract itself represents Cromwell upon his deathbed as speaking very bitterly of the Quakers, and saying that he would rather be buried under a heap of stones than countenance them ; and that their errors were of "fundamental consideration." It is obvious that the writer of the tract was expressing his own views, for this did not in the least reflect Cromwell's known attitude towards the Quakers.

Now, the authorship of a book or a pamphlet in the critical times I am describing is always a matter of great importance and if my view that the tract in question was written by Henry Walker, the ironmonger, is correct, then it follows that, in any case, it should be considered with great suspicion. That it was a work of fiction from end to end I entertain not the slightest doubt. The political motive of the tract and the reason why it was published so late as nine months after Cromwell's death can very easily be proved.

In April, 1659, Richard Cromwell had been ejected from the succession to his father and the "Rump Parliament" came into power again. It signalized itself at once by an intense hostility to Cromwell and to his memory. Cromwell had been buried at the extreme east of Henry VII.'s chapel, and his monument erected there. Writers who should have known better have asserted that this monument was destroyed "at the Restoration," when his body was exhumed and gibbeted at Tyburn. The following passage in the *Weekly Post*, for 31 May—7 June, 1659, proves that the destruction of the monument was the work of the Rump and not of the Government of Charles II. :

The stately and magnificent monument of the late Lord Protector, set up at the upper end of the chancel in the Abbey at Westminster, is taken down by order of the Council of State and publick sale made of the Crown, sceptre, and other Royal ornaments after they were broken. The inscription set upon the wall is said to be this, "Great in Policy, but matchless in tyranny." It was put up by one of the Royal party, but pull'd down by one of the soldiery.

That this and similar acts was the provoking cause of the pamphlet being published at this time there can be no doubt, and that Henry Walker was its writer is indicated by all the facts of the times.

In the first place, Ibbitson was a publisher who, from 1648

onwards, rarely published anything not written by Walker. Between 24 March, 1655, and the date of 9 June, 1659, he published nothing but Walker's "Newsbooks" (up to September, 1655, when Cromwell suppressed the licensed press) and a solitary tract by Thomas Ady, entitled *A Candle in the Dark* (against witchcraft). Plenty of tracts can be found "Printed by R. I." for other publishers, but none published by Robert Ibbitson, for Ibbitson was a publisher of newsbooks (sold by hawkers), and when Walker ceased to write these, in 1655, Ibbitson ceased to publish.

Secondly, in 1659, the Rump restored the liberty of the (licensed) Press, though it did not suffer Walker to reissue his "Newsbooks." John Crouch, Walker's scurrilous opponent in years gone by, recommenced his *Mercurius Democritus*, the obscene journal printed by him in Cromwell's times. On the last page of this journal, issued on 14 June, 1659, there is the clearest indication that Walker wrote the tract, in an exceedingly offensive description of Walker's own death and lying in state. Crouch was in the habit of commenting upon Walker's publications, and it cannot be doubted that his object was to hold this tract up to derision.

Thirdly, though the order books of the "Council of State" have been lost, the index to them remains. On 28 July, 1659, the index notes "Mr. Walker to have liberty," which justifies the inference that he had been imprisoned for writing the tract.

Lastly, there are indications in the tract itself of Walker's authorship. No argument can be based upon the style, for style at that time was largely the work of the "Correctors of the press," an office then often performed by many a poor clergyman ejected from his living, forbidden to preach or to teach, and reduced to making presentable the work of the reverend ironmongers and cobblers who, only too often, succeeded him. But the texts applied to Cromwell in the tract were also applied to the King by Walker in his *Serious Observations lately made touching his Majesty King Charles II.*, in 1660, and the attack upon the Quakers should be compared with the following assertions by Walker in his *Severall Proceedings*, for 21—25 May, 1655. The reader will note the use of the word "fundamental," placed also in Cromwell's mouth.

Some papers were scattered about Westminster Hall this day, that the Quakers do acknowledge that there is a Heaven and

Hell, the Scriptures to be a declaration from the Spirit and a Resurrection and Justification by faith in Christ. But there is no name to it; it is a libell. I should be glad to hear of their conversions or of any of them, from their black errors to the truth . . . For I do not remember that I ever met with one of them that would own these fundamental truths.

Again, in one passage, which has been frequently quoted; always, however, without the four dashes to which I wish to draw attention, there is a singular indorsement of a popular error of the times.

Cromwell's first cousin, Robert, who was born in June, 1613, at Ramsey, was executed in 1632 for poisoning his master, an attorney called Lane. Carlyle has, of course, expressed his sarcastic denial of this fact, but, unfortunately for Carlyle, the "Historical Manuscripts Commission's Reports," when calendaring the MSS. of the College of Surgeons (Report VII., Appendix p. 548, and Report VIII., Appendix p. 229), clearly prove that this Robert Cromwell was reprieved for the College to inquire into the matter and that it reported adversely to Robert Cromwell. But Oliver Cromwell's eldest son was also named Robert, was born in 1621, eight years after his father's cousin, and died at Felsted in May, 1639. He, therefore, was about the same age as the lad executed as a poisoner, and from this circumstance and the similar Christian name, it was popularly believed that Cromwell's own son had been executed.

Thus, "Reason against treason; or, a bone for Bradshaw to picke," published in 1649, states as follows:

We know Oliver had a Tyburn bird to his son, for poisoning his master, an apothecary (*sic*), and thus "*egregia est soboles scelerata nata parente.*"

And again, another pamphlet, also published in 1649, entitled "A Hue and Crie after Cromwell," remarks:

That young Cromwell should be hang'd drawn and quartered for poysoning the master of a single family and that old Cromwell should 'scape for murthering his Lord and Sovereign, that was master of all the private families of England. *O tempora! O mores!!*

There is, moreover, a reference to this popular belief in the entry (unprecedented both in its length and in its form) of Cromwell's son's burial at Felsted. This was certainly

not exactly contemporary, as the use of the word "miles" proves, for Cromwell was not a soldier in 1639:

Robertus Cromwell, filius honorandi viri M^{ris} Oliveris Cromwell et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus sepultus fuit 31^o die Maii. Et Robertus fuit eximie pius juvenis, deum timens supra multos.¹

In Walker's tract the death of this eldest son is referred to. After quoting the Epistle to the Philippians vi. 11—13, Cromwell is represented as remarking:

Which read, said hee (to use his own words as near as I can remember them). This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son— — — died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.

The four dashes, in the light of the preceding facts assume some importance. They should not have been omitted when this passage was quoted.

Last of all, the "prayer" is not genuine. The tract, it will be noted, states that it was uttered "two or three dayes" before Cromwell's death and therefore in the height of a tremendous storm that preceded the day upon which Cromwell died. The Royalist comment upon the storm explains the placing of the prayer at this time. Carlyle's copy of it is correct, with the exception of the "Amen," which does not occur in the tract.²

There still remains the question of whether Walker was a groom of Cromwell's chamber. There is no evidence on this point other than the fact that his clerical career as pastor of St. Martin's, Vintry, came to an end on 23 June, 1658, when

¹ I have not seen this register, but I understand that the handwriting of this entry is different and of a later date.

² Carlyle asserts that many copies of this prayer exist in old notebooks. No copy is known to exist anywhere save in the *Perfect Politician*, a political tract published in January, 1660. In the Gibson MSS. at Lambeth Palace there is the transcript of a paper said by Gibson (died 1748) to be by one of Cromwell's "Major Generals,"—Butler. This prayer is probably genuine and should be placed side by side with that given by Carlyle:

"I am a poore foolish fellowe, O Lord, and Thy people would faine have me live. And they think if I live it will redound much to Thy glorie. And all the stir is about this. And some would faine have me dead. Lord pardon them and pardon Thy foolish people and forgive their sinn. And do not forsake them, but love them and bless them and give them rest and bring them to a consistency. And give me rest for Jesus Christ his sake," &c. (Vol. 930, f. 166.)

John Storer was appointed to that church.¹ Cromwell must have found something else for his journalist and preacher to do.

In any case, if the tract describing the last moments of Oliver Cromwell was written by Henry Walker, a large number of modern writers are seriously affected. Much that they have said becomes absurd, for forgery and false statements form the principal part of Walker's literary work. His first literary fraud was the "Terrible outcry against the loytering exalted Prelates—by William Pryune," for which the House of Commons imprisoned him in 1641, and this was followed by so many others, that it is doubtful whether they all ever will be identified.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

¹ George Hennessy, "Novum repertorium ecclesiasticum parochiale Londinensis" (1898), p. 467. An account of Walker's most important literary fraud was given, by the present writer, in this Review for March, 1911, in "Puritan Piracies of Fr. Persons' Conference."

CHIVALRY

THY Chivalrous love
Picked up my challenging glove,
Which I, being young
Before Thy face had flung.

Not always thus
Is fortune given us;
That our bodies feel
The stroke of heavenly steel,

Happily cross
Swords with the Knight of Loss,
And be overborne
By His Shield of blazoned thorn!

Suppose He turned
Away, while my anger burned;
And let me go,
Not deigning my overthrow!

But chivalry
Fought and defeated me;
And generous God
Smote, healing me with His rod.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE CATECHISM CONTROVERSY.

WE have received from Father George Bishop another article in reply to that of Miss Cahill published in *THE MONTH* for last November. But we have always felt that a monthly magazine is very ill suited for purposes of controversy. However keen the protagonists are, it cannot be expected that the ordinary reader will recollect the precise points at issue between them, which are apt, moreover, to increase or vary as the debate continues. Accordingly with Father Bishop's permission we propose to present the gist of his argument in this brief note, trusting that the dispute may reach a final and satisfactory solution in the columns of the *Universe* which have been open to it for some time. Father Bishop and Miss Cahill are of course agreed on the necessity of making religious instruction a real and practical thing. They differ in regard to the means of securing and testing its practicality. Miss Cahill suggested inspection rather than examination, or, if the latter method is indispensable, that it should never be specially prepared for. Father Bishop admits that "surprise-examinations" would be preferable to the present system, but points out the practical difficulty that by Act of Parliament a fortnight's notice of the religious examination must be given to non-Catholic parents that they may withdraw their children for the day. He further shows that examinations at irregular intervals would be exposed to interference from the secular courses by which class-promotions are determined.

But the main point at issue is the form of the Catechism itself. Father Bishop gives from Canon Burton an account of its distinguished genesis, which is itself a guarantee of its worth. But, we take it, there is no dispute as to the value of the Catechism as a compendium of theology. Nor is it easy, as Father Bishop's criticisms of some suggested definitions of Miss Cahill's indicate, to suggest a substitute which shall be really simpler and yet satisfactory. Certainly the proposed simplification calls for as deep and accurate theological knowledge as did the original, and could be safely entrusted only to experts. Miss Cahill's plea for at least a simpler Catechism for the younger children is met by Father Bishop by the statement that such a Catechism already exists and has been in use since 1911. We gather that the simplification in this case consists mainly in leaving out the more

difficult questions or parts of questions, so that the children have only to amplify their previous knowledge when promoted to the ordinary Catechism.

In view of the preparation at Rome of a Catechism for universal use. Father Bishop does not think that any present change of our own is likely; and even when the authoritative text appears he suspects that it will bear a strong resemblance to that now in use. He concludes by a cordial endorsement of Miss Cahill's plea for a more thorough training of teachers in religious knowledge. When the teacher is a real expert in the matter the actual form of the Catechism is of comparative unimportance. The definitions should be used mainly to crystallize information already conveyed in greater detail by the teacher.

J. K.

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

THE war has taught us all, men and women alike, many important lessons, and one of those which men have learnt from it is to accept women as their helpers and co-workers not only in the home, but in the wider fields of social, industrial and political life. Women would gladly have accepted the call if it had come much sooner. It has, I know, been said by opponents that only a comparatively small number ever put forward any claim; but surely in every case of a demand for any reform there have been in actual numbers only a few leaders or spokesmen, while behind them has been the large mass, desiring the same thing but either too inert to work for it personally, or trusting to the leaders to do it for them more effectively than they could do it for themselves. This consideration might easily account for any backwardness on the part of women in putting forward a claim to a share in political life; although personally I do not see that even this explanation is needed. Besides a steady stream of petitions to Parliament, beginning 50 years ago, there has been a constantly increasing number of public meetings all over the country, largely attended and enthusiastic, and, more striking still, there have been those monster processions of women marching through London in 1908 and 1910, composed of all classes and occupations—nurses, actresses, clerks, shop-assistants. Anyone remembering all this must surely acknowledge that women have demonstrated as clearly their desire for the vote, as men have done in the case of the various reforms they have claimed from time to time. It would seem as if it could be nothing but a certain obstinacy on the part of John Bull, or, shall we say, a certain fear of that "thin end of the wedge" which has hindered so many reforms, that prevented his calling in sooner the help of women in the many difficult matters with which he has had to

deal. However that may have been in the past, now that he has thrown open the doors of Parliament itself women may gladly accept the proof of his goodwill and do their utmost to show themselves worthy and useful citizens.

I should like to put forward a few of the reasons why it seems to me that women's presence in Parliament may be specially useful. First, with regard to those social questions which occupy so much of our legislators' time and attention.

"Infant Life Protection" is undoubtedly a very familiar phrase in political programmes. We have also the subjects of Education, Housing, Health and Disease, and others, all of them more or less connected with children, and all of them made matters of careful study by women experts, whose opinions can hardly fail to be valuable to their male co-legislators. Indeed, one of the speakers in favour of the admission of women to Parliament urged the great use their peculiar knowledge of such questions would be on committees in the House of Commons. None of these can be called new subjects: most of them have come up from time to time and little has been done concerning them; but what *is* new is that men have now called in the help of women in the task of settling them satisfactorily. There will be, too, many new problems vitally concerning women, such as the demobilization of women war workers, the law relating to nationality, and others concerning women's work and wages.

But outside these social subjects there are others far more important, moral and spiritual questions as well as material, and it is with regard to these that I believe that woman's influence is especially needed. Some time ago Mr. Acland said he hoped women were not going "to plunge into such questions as equal moral standards for men and women, divorce laws, and similar problems; but would concentrate on questions essential to the race—health, housing and industrial conditions." He was speaking at the time in a general way of women in political life; but his words apply with even greater force now that women are to have the increased responsibility of Parliamentary service. The words about concentrating on "questions essential to the race" at once leads us to ask which is most essential—material well-being or moral and spiritual well-being? Are women, for instance, to accept the double standard of morality which makes a criminal of a woman whilst her male accomplice goes free, and console themselves by thinking that at all events they may concentrate on getting better industrial conditions? I feel sure that the women who may be chosen to go to Parliament will put even-handed justice before all else, and that they will bear in mind that the life of the mind and soul is more important than that of the body. Needless to say, one would feel still greater confidence if the women who are elected all profess sound Christian principles;

still, judging from the names of the candidates, I believe that they can be trusted to hold up a higher moral standard than the bulk of men legislators, to be keener after high ideals than after material advantages, and to work for justice, not merely between men and women, but between class and class. Those who are most likely to be elected are women who have already worked hard and unselfishly on local government and other public bodies; there is no one at any rate whose only claim to be elected consists in the possession of a fortune large enough to lead the electors to expect a return for their support in the form of local benefit—as seems to be not infrequently the case in the choice of male candidates.

One of the twenty-five opponents of women in Parliament at the recent debate brought up the old excuse of politics being "a dirty game" and women must not soil their hands by playing it. If this has been true in the past, it must be that men have made it so, and now that women have come to take a hand in the game it will be a part of their duty to try and make it a clean one. There can be few nobler tasks for women than to work at restoring a high ideal of national service and those men who have led to politics being branded as a dirty game should be forced out of public life by the force of public opinion. We may, I think, feel confident that the women chosen to serve their country in Parliament will not lend themselves to those little shifts and compromises by which measures seem so often to have been either pushed through or kept back in the past. The women members will feel that something better than this is expected of them, and will be conscious that their fellow women especially will scrutinize their attitude very carefully in regard to most of the questions that may arise.

If there should still be an uneasy feeling amongst some cautious persons as to the result of this admission of women to Parliament, I think there are two considerations which should encourage them. One is that though a new movement here in England, it is far from being so as regards several other countries. Finland and Denmark have already had women M.P.'s for several years, Denmark having at present four in the Lower House and five in the Upper, and they are divided amongst the different parties pretty equally. America has also had women members of a number of State Legislatures for many years. This year it was expected that they would be admitted to Congress itself; but though there was a majority in their favour it did not amount to the necessary two-thirds majority. Of our own dominions, Canada and British Columbia have both elected women candidates, and the name of one of them, Miss Roberta Mac Adams, may be remembered, because at the time of her election

she was a nurse in a Canadian hospital on English soil, at Orpington, and was elected by the votes of the Canadian soldiers. The other encouraging consideration I would suggest is that women will have no more right than they have ever had to force themselves upon Parliament and that it depends upon the votes of the electors—men as well as women—whether any woman at all shall be there. It seems unlikely that at first, at all events, there will be very many; but it seems only fair to the electors that if they desire to be represented by a woman, that woman should be permitted to represent them. It is, surely, a question of sending the most suitable person, not a question of whether that person is a woman or a man. In a town that I know well, which has a population of about 60,000, the editor of the local paper, in a recent article on the approaching election, remarked that though he had not heard of any woman candidate, he had no hesitation in saying that it would be easier to find a worthy and suitable person amongst the women of the town than amongst its men. Perhaps this might prove to be the case in many other constituencies. With regard to the women who have already offered themselves for election, they have done so as nominees of each of the three chief parties, and also as independent candidates, so it is only natural to conclude that they will not try to form any distinct women's party. At the same time we must not forget that there are still subjects with regard to which women's interests may run counter to those of men, because there are still legal disabilities under which women suffer on account of their sex. They will have a right to do all in their power to get these removed, and to look to the women members to support them in Parliament. It is not to be supposed, however, that there will be much opposition in future to the removal of such disabilities. Some fraction of the 25 who voted against the admission of women into Parliament may still remain to raise a feeble voice; but John Bull is showing himself such a reasonable person now with respect to the rights of women that there can be little doubt as to his willingness to assist them in obtaining the entire social, economic and political equality which it has been always the aim of the chief women's societies to win.

It is unthinkable that there shall ever again be that miserable sex-warfare which the domination of men had the natural effect of causing in the past. Working and suffering together as men and women have done during the past four years has brought about a mutual understanding that will prevent any real recurrence of such a state of things in the future. All the experience that has been gained during these four years has gone to show that when a woman has been allowed to undertake the work she desires to do, she has proved a success, so we may confidently look

forward to its being the case with her new work in Parliament. It seems indeed as if we were now drawing very near to the good time foretold in Tennyson's oft quoted words:

Everywhere two heads in council,
Two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.

ISABEL WILLIS.

USES THAT ARE REALLY SUPERSTITIOUS.

SOMEONE has more or less cynically found a derivation for the word superstition in the fact that it is the one element of religion which will be found to have survived (*superstiterit*) all doctrinal revolutions and developments. No doubt the editors of the *Oxford English Dictionary* are right in refusing to treat the suggestion seriously. None the less it must be owned that there is nothing more remarkable about superstition than its persistence, however little this fact may have to do with the evolution of the word by which it is named. It is not enough to say that superstition dies hard. It is a weed which can be eradicated only by patience and unremitting effort. The Church is so often found fault with for her excessive condescension in the matter of devotional extravagance that it seems worth while to draw attention from time to time to such abuses when they occur and to point out how little sanction they have met with on the part of ecclesiastical authority. A year or two ago we called attention in these pages¹ to a preposterous prayer which was being circulated among our Catholic soldiers at the Front. We had even then come across several specimens of it and others came to us afterwards, while a comparison of the various texts unfortunately proves from the numerous misprints and divergencies of detail that it must have been set up in type or copied by hand over and over again. In a recent number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (Nov. 1918. pp. 421, 422), a note under the heading "A Scandalous Imposture," deals in uncompromising terms with the identical leaflet upon which we had commented. What is more, the writer, Father T. O'Doherty of Maynooth, draws attention to the fact that as far back as the year 1897, the same prayer in two different forms was being circulated broadcast in Ireland. The leaflets at that time were, it seems, printed in Dublin, "and sold to the very ignorant and very credulous for the sum of a halfpenny a copy." We are thoroughly at one with the writer of the note when he says:

It is a monstrous thing to trade on the credulity of simple people for the sake of the petty gain to be derived from the sale of these sheets. At all events any priest who finds that "this farrago of blasphemous nonsense

¹ See THE MONTH, December, 1914. pp. 630—633.

and bad grammar" is being circulated in his district should denounce it in the strongest language.

The worst feature in the case, and one which is almost invariably present in this class of leaflets, is the promise of all sorts of immunities and temporal blessings, accompanied sometimes by a threat of God's displeasure upon the unheeding or incredulous. In the case of the prayer just mentioned, supposed to have been found "on the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ," either in the year 303, or in 803, or 1003—the texts differ—the promises run as follows:

Those who repeat it devoutly, or hear it repeated every day and keep it about them shall never die a sudden death.

Poison shall not affect them.

If said over a woman in labour, she shall be safely delivered: when the child is born say the prayer and he or she shall meet no disaster.

If laid on a person in fits they [? the person or the fits] shall recover or be relieved.

They who repeat it in any house, shall be blessed by Our Lord, and they who laugh at it shall suffer.¹

They who keep it about them shall fear neither thunder or lightning.

They who repeat it every day shall have three days warning of their death.

This same feature is, as usual, prominent in a leaflet, or rather card, of a somewhat different character, which has just been forwarded to us by a friend. As we have not met this particular document before, we reproduce it entire. It is, as usually happens, destitute of printer's name or place of publication, and, as a matter of course, has no sanction from ecclesiastical authority.

THE REVELATIONS OF ST. BRIDGET.

The following Revelation was made by the mouth of Our Blessed Saviour to St. Bridget, who desired to know somewhat of the Passion He endured, to whom after much prayer, he spoke as follows:—

1st.—When I was apprehended in the garden I received 30 cuffs and 820 blows.

2nd.—Going to the house of Annas I got 7 falls.

3rd.—They gave me 540 blows on my breast.

4th.—They gave me 5 cruel blows on my shoulders.

5th.—They raised me by the hair of my head 630 times.

6th.—They gave me 30 blows on my mouth.

7th.—With anguish I sighed 888 times.

8th.—They drew me by the beard 308 times.

9th.—They gave me 6666 stripes with whips.

10th.—I was bound to a pillar and they spat upon my face 68 times.

¹ In another printed copy, now before us, this clause runs: "He that will laugh at it will suffer—believe this to be certain—it is as true as the Holy Evangelist has written it."

- 11th.—They put a crown of thorns upon my head.
- 12th.—The soldiers gave me 558 (*sic*) stripes with whips.
- 13th.—Falling upon my cross I received mortal wounds.
- 14th.—They gave me gall and vinegar to drink.
- 15th.—When I was hanging on the cross I received 5 large wounds.

To all persons who say devoutly Seven Paters and Seven Aves with the Creed every day for 15 Years, in honour of my Passion, shall enjoy the blessings herein mentioned. They shall receive a plenary indulgence from all their sins. They shall not suffer the pains of Purgatory. If they die before the 15 years are ended, they shall enjoy the same happiness as if they had suffered martyrdom. I will come myself to receive their souls and bring them to everlasting bliss. Whosoever will carry this Revelation about them shall be preserved from crimes, neither shall they die suddenly. If a woman with child will carry this Revelation and perform this devotion, she shall have a safe delivery. In whatever part of the house this Revelation is kept that place shall not be infected with any contagious distemper. Whosoever will carry this Revelation, and perform the devotion, the most glorious and Blessed Virgin will appear to them three days before their death.—Amen.

One would think that the 888 sighs and the 6666 stripes with whips would alone be sufficient to convict the document as a shameless imposture. We believe that there is no serious foundation in the authentic works of St. Bridget of Sweden for any of the computations which are sometimes attributed to her in books of devotion. Even the clause often introduced at the public recitation of the Rosary "The number of stripes they gave Him being above 5,000, as was revealed to St. Bridget," was declared, as long ago as the seventeenth century, by Gonsalvo Durantus, the editor of her Revelations, to be altogether without authority.

We will only add by way of commentary a remark of Dr. D. O'Loan, in the article, as noticed above, which appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for May, 1897. The writer was of course speaking of "the prayer found on the grave of our Lord" but his observations apply equally to the document just quoted.

We have been told [he says] that nuns have been known to send copies of it to their relatives and friends, and worse still, to recommend it to their pupils. We have too much respect, however, for the intelligence, not to speak of the education of our nuns to believe this charge. It is a calumny, we are certain, and we mention it merely for the purpose of putting nuns on their guard against circulating or encouraging any prayer or other form of devotion which has not the requisite approval of the Church.

As the writer of the present note is making a small collection of these devotional extravagances, he would be grateful to any readers who would send him specimens of this type of gutter literature which they do not want to keep.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Visit
of
President Wilson.

As we write, the thunder of the royal salute which welcomes President Wilson to the capital of the British Commonwealth is sounding in our ears. The visit is literally unprecedented and therefore in harmony with a state of things also without precedent—the common acknowledgment by the civilized world that it is, or ought to be, one organic whole, and that its highest interests lie in the mutual co-operation of its constituent parts. President Wilson in innumerable pronouncements has given this idea eloquent expression. All the moral force of his character and of his position as head of the world's greatest democracy is directed to its embodiment in fact. Those in his own country and elsewhere whom the war has not awakened to the essential evil of the old system with its practical denial of human solidarity are in opposition to his views and methods, but he finds his support in those who believe in the indefinite perfectibility of man, and in the power of the moral principles emphasized by Christianity to elevate human nature, collective as well as individual, out of its narrow selfishness. No one has so fired the enthusiasm of the chivalrous French nation more than the President, and we venture to think that when he goes to Rome he will find in the august Head of the Catholic Church one who can appreciate, and is ready to bless, his efforts on behalf of peace. The Pope, through Cardinal Gasparri, has been the first of European statesmen to advocate the discontinuance of conscription which, originally introduced by the militarist Napoleon, has been the cherished practice of militarists ever since. The continuance of conscription under any form would simply mean the continuance of the old system of international relationships, which we have fought to destroy, as not compatible with liberty or progress in civilization. The statesmanship of the world is still vacillating between the two hypotheses, the old mistrust with its intolerable burden of armaments, and the new co-operation with the pooling of necessary military resources. As the first, strongest and most consistent advocate of the latter course, President Wilson embodies the hopes of the world, new-moulded from the crucible of war. We should be sorry to think that the criticism of his political opponents, some echoes of which are allowed to reach us, represents more than the usual party cavilling, provoked by the independent action of a strong man, for if America is solid behind its President his policy must prevail, and the year 1919 will prove a momentous turning-point in human history.

**A Fateful
Year.**

For the year which is just opening will determine whether the world, shaken to the depths by the four-years war, which was the natural result of its practical apostasy from God, will arise and return to its Father or settle down again to its self-imposed exile and its husks of swine. Will national selfishness continue to obstruct the claims of justice and the welfare of humanity? Will Mammon still foment domestic discord and a ruthless individualism lose its soul in seeking to preserve it? In the absence of a clear, strong, honest, well-instructed public opinion, such as modern democracy has not yet managed to create, policies must be left largely in the hands of a few public men, and which of the public men who will arrange the peace has character or influence enough to secure that justice shall henceforth prevail in the relations between State and State, and between the different sections of each community? Already there are abundant signs that the unexpected completeness and finality of the victory of the Allies has weakened or destroyed in many the profession of disinterestedness that hallowed our war-aims; under guise of seeking reparation or inflicting penalties, projects of pure commercial greed are openly ventilated and the late Attorney-General's cynical election query—"Why should we not keep Mesopotamia?" is typical of a too prevalent frame of mind. To maintain popular favour at the recent elections, politicians have perceptibly lowered the moral standard of their international aims, and the old crude and un-Christian ideals of cut-throat competition between States for the limited goods of the earth, of the pursuit of narrow national advantages irrespective of the welfare of the world at large, of political and commercial dominance inspired by mere lust of power, these evil weeds are springing anew under the sun of victory in the soil ploughed and harrowed by war and watered alas! by the life-blood of our best. Although the project of a League of Free Nations to keep the world's peace henceforward has made considerable headway, yet it awakens much opposition amidst the militarists, the jingoes, the Mammon-worshippers, and the hosts of elderly slow-witted pessimistic persons, whom age makes impervious to new ideas or who are too apathetic to think out the consequences of their old beliefs. Yet, as this League is the only thinkable alternative to the former international chaos, it must, one would think, emerge in some form or another from the Peace Conference. If the "common people," upon whom fell the brunt of the war, have any voice in the peace, they will see that it is made as far as possible permanent. If only "international" Labour would leave its theorizing on economics and its threats of class warfare, and aim at brotherhood between the nations as the first and most necessary reform, it would find its further task of raising the status of the worker much more feasible.

**The Rights
of
The World.**

One main obstacle to the immediate formation of such a League is the backward political development of so many of its potential members.

We are allowed to know very little of the state of Russia, nor can we trust that meagre information overmuch, but it is evident that the reaction from autocracy there has resulted in the worse tyranny of armed anarchy. And can we expect the wild and warlike tribes of the Balkans and the newly-emancipated races that were once under the heel of the Hapsburgs to beat their swords into ploughshares and discard their hereditary antagonisms, unless they are persuaded that this is their duty, because now their national rights are secure and the world's interests demand peace? Wanton disturbance of that peace, that is, the armed assertion of some claim which is of comparatively little importance and which can be secured by arbitration at least as well, must henceforth be reckoned an offence against world-order which the world has a right to resent and prevent. The late war has shown that the world's interests are now so interdependent that no nation may lawfully pursue its own ends quite irrespective of the general welfare. The old conception of the autocratic isolated State, sufficient for itself and owing no duty outside its own borders, must be definitely and finally abandoned. Nationality is a noble and ennobling sentiment—up to a certain point. It is the great shield of liberty, the source and stimulus of racial virtues that contribute their share to the world's civilization. But if it obscures the greater vision of a universal human brotherhood, it may become an unmitigated curse. The citizen who checks self-seeking in the interests of his country finds a greater gain in the general prosperity. So each world-State will be greater and happier if it is content with its place in the world-order without seeking its welfare at the expense of others. How are we to convince the nations of this truth? At least, by avoiding national self-aggrandisement and showing a readiness to admit and further just rights which are not our own.

**Intervention
in
Russia.**

The acid test, President Wilson tells us, of such a reasonable disposition will be our attitude towards Russia. The whole world has an interest in the establishment of a just and stable government in that country and, on general principles, must insist upon the Russians setting up a constitution of the sort. But if authority, as we are told, is in the hands of men who are anarchists, and who have no conception of the proper functions of government, there only remains such a policy of intervention that will enable the inhabitants to put an end to the present chaos. It may be difficult to distinguish this policy from arbitrary inter-

ference with the internal affairs of an independent State, but our point is that the internal affairs of all States, if they are radically mismanaged, become the rightful concern of the rest. It is not open to any State to choose or tolerate a form of rule which is merely armed violence and which causes perpetual unrest in the world at large. Long ago Pius IX. condemned the policy of Non-Intervention, which denied the common interest of the world at large in the moral conduct of each of its constituent States.

But this being assumed it follows that the interference must be strictly limited to the support of the Russians in re-establishing an orderly Russian Government of a form determined by themselves. The right of intervention is defined by the strict need of intervention. And it is the business of the whole civilized world, not of any particular State or States, unless as delegates of the rest. Unfortunately, the past history of the world makes it difficult to believe in the disinterested action of any State: hence, the President's demand for a new diplomacy, imbued with a sense of trustee-ship for humanity.

**Reparation
by
Germany.**

An even stronger test of disinterestedness will be our treatment of Germany. During the election under constant pressure the Government committed itself to exactions by way of reparation, the effect of which would be practically to enslave the German nation. Theoretically we hold that Germany, being the responsible author of the war, is liable for all the damages resulting from her action. But what may be just is not always expedient nor even possible. The chief damage done by Germany,—the violation of international justice, the killing and maiming of millions, and the long list of moral outrages—is not in any case to be assessed and paid for in money or material goods. And even the losses due to her acts of destruction and plunder can only be made good in part. It is easy to point to the natural wealth of Germany and to her large population of workers, and to say that the latter must exploit the former for the benefit of her creditors. Germany's labour will be needed in the first place for the service of her colossal national debt, and no man or race of men will work simply to enrich others. Germany must certainly pay, and pay heavily, for the wanton destruction she has caused. In order to pay she must work, but she will not work unless the ordinary rewards of human labour are available. The goose that lays the indemnity eggs must be kept alive and encouraged to lay.

At the same time we must confess that the attitude of many in Germany is not calculated to move the Allies to considerations of mercy. Germany as a whole has not acknowledged her crimes, the first step towards repentance. She does not even admit her defeat,

overwhelming and shameful as it has been. She keeps up the ridiculous pretence that her military forces have not been beaten. She does not see the shame of that complete silent surrender of her "invincible" fleet. She will not realize that her "unbeaten" armies have gone home at the orders of a French Generalissimo, that the Allies have occupied her "impregnable" Rhine-towns without striking a blow. The more she cries out at the rigour of the armistice-terms, the more she proclaims her own impotence to resist them. Germany has been beaten in the field, she could not organize and maintain her conquests, she could not even retain her Allies. She is wholly at the mercy of her conquerors. It is natural for a nation, duped and drugged for generations by the legend of its invincibility, to find it difficult to understand defeat, but the sooner it brings itself to do so the better for its future prospects. A Germany humbled and chastened and purged of the godless philosophy of Prussianism, may yet take a worthy place in the family of nations, but a Germany, militarist though defeated, arrogant though disgraced, convicted of sin but unrepentant, the States of the world must hold at arm's length and render as far as may be innocuous.

The Threatened Class-War.

The war of the nations is over but the world is not yet at rest. It is not merely that the peace-terms have still to be discussed and determined. There is a menace of another war, the war of the classes. In some countries, as in Russia, it is more than a menace; it has come: if indeed that can be called a war which is a relentless persecution by one class of all the others. In Germany, the Bolshevik spirit has been for the moment suppressed, but the revival of the *Internationale* is openly called for in all countries, and the *Internationale* avowedly means class-warfare. Throughout the war, in all the Allied countries except Belgium, Socialism has been consistently anti-national and unpatriotic, the reason being that it regards all existing Governments as "capitalistic," all tarred with the same brush and all equally hostile to the workers' interests. No kingdom so divided against itself can be stable. As long as this spirit prevails there can be no domestic peace: it can only be exorcised by demonstrating that under the capitalist system full justice can be done to the workers' claims, whereas socialism is but the substitution of one tyranny for another. It is on this account that the reckless profiteer is such a danger to the State: he has already begun the class-war: he is attacking and robbing his fellow-citizens. The Bolshevik is merely retaliating. He can point to actual exploitation of his class, to businesses which draw profits far greater than are warranted by the risk, sacrifice or labour involved, which are, therefore, strictly usurious in the sense

condemned by Christian morality. The unjust capitalist creates the socialist and, so far from adding to the prosperity of the State, is a grave menace to its peace. If the nations are not to "go Russian," they must deal speedily and drastically with their profiteers. But as most Governments are now plutocratic, run by the wealthy in the interests of wealth, there seems little hope of reform without revolution. The coming year is big with fate. May wisdom and some appreciation of the signs of the times be vouchsafed to those that rule our destinies.

**Destructive
policy of
"Labour."**

The root idea of the *Internationale* is not so much the solidarity of working-class interests throughout the world, which is somewhat gratuitously assumed, as a deep-seated hostility to the capitalist system, based as it is on private ownership of land and money. The Internationalists do not discuss whether the system can be emended and made tolerable: they are out for its destruction. "La propriété c'est le vol." This is what constitutes the radical unsoundness of their position. Not only do they aim at forcing upon the world their own economic views, but those views are opposed to the primary instincts of human nature and the first conditions of human progress. They attack indirectly the sacred right of human personality by denying one of its chief prerogatives and making the individual wholly dependent upon and subservient to the community. Consequently, these views will never take permanent root, least of all amongst the English-speaking democracies. Nothing illustrates so clearly the philosophical and political incompetence of many representatives of "Labour" as their inability to discriminate between what is just and what is unjust in the present industrial system. They wave the red flag, associate with anarchists, hail the "coming revolution," without showing any signs of having thought out the implications of their attitude. Their programme is simply one of destruction. They may think there is nothing good in private ownership: let them then persuade their opponents of the fact by reasoning. Where is the sense of using force to decide a matter of opinion?

There is so much that needs reform in our domestic relations, so much that is demonstrably unsound, that violent talk and threats of violent action, which only stimulate opposition and put the reformers in the wrong, are very much to be deprecated. Private ownership is an essential right of human nature, but not unlimited private ownership. Human welfare, the test which justifies the one, also condemns the other. If any social institution tends of its own nature to check and prevent the general welfare, then the community has the right to change or abolish that institution. And it is possible that forms and practices which suited

one stage of human development may be found detrimental in another. Excessive accumulation of property, whether land or capital, in a few hands might do no harm in a sparsely-populated country, but it becomes unjust when amidst a dense population it turns vast numbers into wage-slaves and makes them homeless in the land of their birth. Let "Labour" aim at developing, not suppressing, human rights and at extending the right of private ownership to all: then the evils of disproportionate distribution of wealth will right themselves, and industrial conditions will be humanized, here and abroad. For "Labour," with all true social reformers, is rightly anxious that unjust industrial conditions should be abolished everywhere. This is a form of internationalism which all will welcome and which all Catholics especially should support.

**Towards the
Servile State.**

With that in view, the working-classes should beware of those various measures of State-control and State-assistance which presuppose the fitness or at least the permanence of the present conditions. There should be no room in the common-wealth for a proletariat, a landless, propertyless class, which has no means of subsistence but continuous labour, the members of which cannot develop individually or maintain a proper standard of family life. How can self-respect be fostered when a man's children have to be educated and even fed from the public funds, and when adults, past the age of self-support, are kept alive by doles from the same source. It may be said that our vast and growing army of civil servants live on the public funds, still, in theory at least, they give an equivalent in work for the salaries they receive. But unless we adopt definitely the principle of a servile class, the extension of State-assistance must be viewed with alarm, especially as it really means State interference in the most private and intimate concerns of life. A palmary instance of this is afforded by the project called "The Endowment of Motherhood," which, strange to say, is receiving the support of "Labour," the very class it tends to degrade. We are familiar with the un-Christian socialist contention that children are the property of the State. This new project is an extension of the same principle. The mother now becomes a State official and her maternal activities are to be paid for and, of course, *regulated* by her employers. Thus the door is at once opened to all the abominations of eugenics—inspection, birth-control, health-certificates, compulsory divorce—the whole filthy stock-yard conception of the sacred institution of marriage, which is now so shamelessly propagated. And, by dangling before the eyes of the wives the prospect of becoming economically independent of their husbands, the authors of this vicious scheme aim at breaking up the family

and making the mothers of the nation the slaves of the State. Is there no one enlightened enough in the ranks of Labour to detect and protest against this riveting of chains?

**A Masonic
Crime.**

The lamentable murder of Senhor Paes, President of the Portuguese Republic, is due to the workings of another sort of *Internationale*, not the foolish and frothy "red-flag" business but a secret society, which makes the overthrow of religion its chief aim. For the first time, the Press has openly admitted the fact: it has been allowed to say that the assassin was a Freemason and it has gone on to record, if not to approve, the arrest of prominent Freemasons on grounds of complicity. Because the condition of Portugal was not normal, reduced indeed to a state of chaos under successive Masonic ministries, Senhor Paes was elected practically as Dictator on May 10, 1918, by direct and universal suffrage. He had of course to face the rancour of the anarchists whom he had dispossessed and who have brought the affairs of Portugal at home and abroad into the utmost confusion. "Called upon," says *The Times*, "to face repeated risings and revolutionary movements, the result of deliberate attack upon all the organized parties of the Republic, he crushed them successfully and summarily." "Violence begets violence," *The Times* goes on sapiently, in an endeavour to explain the result: of course, violence must be met by violence; the only question is—on which side is right? Senhor Paes represented the duly-constituted authority of the State, resting upon the declared will of the people: his enemies were rebels against that will and, knowing no restraints of morality or law, they achieved their cowardly purpose by the assassin's bullet. Senhor Paes' crime, of course, was the freeing of the Church from persecution and the restoration of religious rights. It is to be hoped that there is enough moral strength in Portugal to bring the plotters to justice: we do not forget that Freemasonry has hitherto managed to protect M. Caillaux in France.

**Railway
Nationalization.**

Conspicuous amongst the *obiter dicta* of vote-catching politicians during the election campaign was the announcement of Mr. Churchill that the Government intended to nationalize the railways. The project furnishes an apt illustration of the rights of the State in the matter of interference with private enterprise. If public services, such as the means of transport, can be made cheaper and more efficient if undertaken, not primarily for private profit but by the community for the public advantage, that fact justifies the community in taking them out of private hands. It has already done so in many cases, notably in the case of the postal, telegraph and telephone services. And we are obliged to

confess that private enterprize has not been able to provide efficient means of transport. In our large cities to-day, not wholly on account of war-conditions, travelling accommodation is a disgrace. In buses, tubes, trams, and trains, the public is exposed to very serious inconveniences, and habitually deprived of what the fare entitles it to,—fairly comfortable sitting-room. The public, in fact, is not properly served, and if it insists on the incompetent private management making room for something more efficient, it will be quite within its rights. This is what makes many regret that the new commercial activities of the aeroplane being allowed to fall into private hands. On the other side there is danger in multiplying State-services: there is a danger of the State turning public services into a means of revenue: salaried officials, deprived of the stimulus of competition, are apt to be slow and unprogressive. The nationalization of railways would undoubtedly prevent the waste caused by rivalry and the restraint of trade caused by excessive charges, especially in Ireland, but it might also produce lack of enterprize. However, in a national railway service, the public through its representatives could insist on being safeguarded against the present abuses.

**The
Westminster
Version.**

The approach of peace, the recall of industry from war-production, the release of shipping, will, we trust, speedily reduce the excessive price of necessary commodities—food for the body in the first place and, in the second, food for the mind. Provision of the latter depends largely on the price of paper, and we are glad to notice signs that greater supplies of paper will soon be available. When the market permits, this periodical will assume its normal size and subsequently its normal price. And another enterprize which paper-cost has retarded will get into swing again,—we mean the issue of the Westminster Version of the Scriptures, several fascicles of which are awaiting publication. Meanwhile, we may notice that the traditional method of presenting the Bible to English readers, a method which does so much to obscure the sense and which it is one object of the Westminster Version to modify in the interests of intelligibility, has come under the ban of the Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. He denounces the practice of presenting the literature of a race as a single book, of mingling all its varieties in chronological confusion, of printing everything as prose, further disguised in short numbered sections and then, having effected all this, of sprinkling the result with italics and numerals and printing it in double columns "with a marginal gutter on either side, each gutter pouring down an inky flow of reference and cross-reference." The protest has often been made before: the Westminster Version goes beyond protest and applies the practical remedy of reform.

Catholicism
and
Mr. Wells.

It is surely time that Mr. Wells learnt something of literary manners. Unfortunately, he was largely self-educated and, as old Jonson remarks, "He that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master." Certainly he exhibits no little folly in the unblushing way in which he uses his vogue to vent his spleen upon his private aversions. Even as propaganda-work this over-emphasized, under-bred style is a mistake. It may be that his vogue will survive the publication of *Joan and Peter*, a chaotic sociological tract masquerading as a novel, but we venture to think that a long-suffering public, invited to "Wells's latest," will in future be more on its guard against publishers' puffs and the insincerities of reviews. As in many others of Mr. Wells's books the reek of the animal lies thick in this. He seems to have little conception of love save as a physical passion, and, if he wanted to indicate how society, deprived of the sustaining power of religion, sinks to the level of the beast, he could not have succeeded better. Hatred of religion generally goes with a debased moral sense and of this too we have nauseating evidence in *Joan and Peter*, wherein Mr. Wells surpasses his previous record in blasphemy. His attack upon the Catholic Church is especially foul, and seems to have been inspired by a desire to discredit the rumour that in his religious evolution he was tending towards Catholicism. No more rancorous travesty of her doctrine or her spirit than he has penned could be found in the Protestant gutter-press. We do not complain that Mr. Wells lacks the Christian restraints he has never known: our grievance is that ordinary considerations of good manners do not suffice to keep him from outraging religious beliefs professed by many of his fellow-citizens. We do not know at what ends he aims in thus prostituting his talents. It may please him and his kind to endeavour to upset the moral standards of Christianity, but the common-sense of mankind will always recognize, with Newman, that

we must be right in doing justly, in loving mercy, in walking humbly with our God, in denying our wills, in ruling our tongues, in softening and sweetening our tempers, in mortifying our lusts, in learning patience, meekness, purity, forgiveness of injuries and continuance in well-doing.

These virtues do not enter Mr. Wells's scheme of education: they are not the result of the cultivation of "science,"—at any rate, of the science which most unscientifically confines itself to phenomena and will not face the underlying reality, lest knowledge should bring obligation and thought be no longer free—to go wrong.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Nuns, The New Code in regard to [Rev. J. Kinane in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec., 1918, p. 466].

Prohibition, The Ethics of Total [Dr. Coffey in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Dec., 1918, p. 449].

Self-Government, Catholic Teaching upon National [Dr. J. A. Ryan in *Catholic World*, Dec., 1918, p. 314].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholic? Is France still [B. J. in *America*, Dec. 21, 1918, p. 265].

Divorce, Sir A. C. Doyle and [*Universe*, Jan. 3, 1919, p. 9].

Esculapius, The pretended Miracles of [J. Bertins in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Dec. 1, 1918, p. 384: *ibid.* E. Mangenot, Dec. 15, 1918, p. 445].

Gallicanism? What is [H. X. Arquillière in *Revue Pratique d'Apolo-gétique*, Dec. 15, 1918, p. 330].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholics and Labour in Ireland [P. Joy, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Oct., 1918, p. 554].

Catholic War-Council U.S.A., Work of [Rev. J. M. Cooper in *Ecclesi-astical Review*, Dec., 1918, p. 607].

Catholicism, Effect of the War upon [Rev. C. F. Aiken in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec., 1918, p. 572].

Catechism, Plea for Reform in teaching the ["Sagart Paroïsde" in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov., 1918, p. 371].

Cinema, The Abuses of the [E. Garesché, S.J., in *America*, Nov. 9, 1918, p. 104].

French War-Orphans, Efforts to defend [Comtesse de Courson in *America*, Nov. 2, 1918, p. 80].

Italian Unity, Leo XIII. and [J. Mourret in *Revue Pratique d'Apolo-gétique*, Dec. 1, 15, 1918, p. 267, 345].

Masses, Requests for [Archbishop Walsh in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov., 1918, p. 387].

Nationality, Essence of [A. de Blacam in *Irish Monthly*, Oct., 1918, p. 545].

"Prussian" Peace, The Evils of a [Dr. A. J. Ryan in *America*, Nov. 16, 23, 1918, pp. 125, 149].

Religion and Birth-Control [E. Jordan in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Dec. 1, 15, 1918, pp. 338, 416].

Spiritism: the Ouija Board [G. Raupert in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov., 1918, p. 463].

REVIEWS

I—THE NEO-PLATONISTS.¹

THIS is a second edition, with certain augmentations, of a book which first appeared nearly twenty years ago, the augmentation consisting chiefly of an expository criticism of Procles's commentaries on four of Plato's treatises. Mr. Whittaker is an enthusiast for Neo-Platonism, but we cannot regard this study of it as illuminating or even trustworthy. To be illuminating such a study should be able to direct a reader's attention to the workings of the human mind which in the elaboration of the successive theories in which it has rested at one time or another, has always been striving, though not always with complete success, to be logical in its deductions. We may refer as an illustration of what we mean to Professor Maurice de Wulf's account in his *History of Mediæval Philosophy*, of Neo-Platonism and its antecedents in Greek philosophy. In Dr. Wulf's pages we get a clear idea, which recommends itself, of the mental processes through which these ancient thinkers were led; in perusing the many pages which Mr. Whittaker devotes to the same task we feel ourselves to be wandering through a pathless wilderness without any sign-posts to guide us in tracing the sequence of the thought or reaching a firm hold of realities.

The author makes no secret of his dislike for Christianity, but betrays at the same time an almost complete ignorance of the tenets of its upholders. Curiously in his appendix to this new edition he finds it necessary, in deference to a reviewer's criticism, to abandon his previous statement that gnosticism was "a spontaneous development from Christian data," confessing that he was misled by Lipsius; but that means that he was relying on a non-Christian writer without troubling to test him by the contemporary witness of St. Irenæus, who certainly does not describe gnosticism as a spontaneous development of Christianity. A grosser and more glaring illustration of the intellectual sloth which has prevented the writer from basing his criticisms of Christian philosophy and theology on an adequate or even a cursory study of the facts, may be found on p. 192 of his book. He is anxious to trace the influence of Neo-Platonism on the development of Scholastic philosophy, and this brings him to make an allusion to St. Thomas of Aquin. There was really

¹ *A Study in the History of Hellenism.* By Thomas Whittaker. Second Edition. Cambridge: At the University Press. Pp. xiii. 318. 1918.

no "influence" of Neo-Platonism or any of its distinctive tenets on the scholasticism which was then in the period of its greatest splendour. But evidently the author has never studied St. Thomas so as to be competent to make any trustworthy statements about the character of his philosophy or his theology. He has accordingly to dismiss the master mind, whose influence on philosophy was so great and was destined to be so lasting, with a couple of sentences and the inane remark that "he furnished arguments acceptable to orthodoxy marshalled in syllogistic array." And then contenting himself with a simple assertion that St. Thomas was a Neo-Platonist on the ground that he "quotes largely from Dionysius the Areopagite," he seeks to confirm this view by turning at once to Dante who "was a student of Aquinas and Dionysius himself whose classification of the Heavenly Hierarchy, he regarded as a direct revelation communicated by St. Paul to his Athenian proselyte." But whatever emphasis we may or may not be entitled to set upon this opinion of Dante's that Dionysius the Areopagite, then thought to be the author of the *De celesti Hierarchia*, derived his classification of the angelic host from St. Paul's vision, this is a point which has no connexion with the tenets of Neo-Platonism, and cannot be cited as proving that either Dante or St. Thomas derived his theological doctrines from that source. And in fact to anyone who has really studied St. Thomas it cannot fail to be clear that there is no trace at all in his teaching of the distinctive characteristics of that ancient school of thought.

Another passage may also be referred to as indicating how unfounded are the notions of scholasticism which have led the author to assume that its philosophical doctrines were not worth investigating as regards their bearing on Neo-Platonism. "Historically speaking," he writes on p. 223, "orthodox Christianity presents itself as in a manner a compromise between Greek philosophy and Oriental gnosis. . . . [Yet] while the Fathers of the Church were more Western than the Gnostics in their use of the methods elaborated in the philosophic schools, their notion of the 'Catholic Church' separated them at once from those who appealed ultimately to rational tests and from those who claimed personal illumination by a revealing God. Philosophy and gnosis were alike expressions of intellectual or spiritual liberty. The system of compromise wrought out under the Catholic idea aimed at establishing one rule of faith for the many and the few, to be coercively enforced as soon as it had brought over the imperial despotism to its side" (1). To such nonsense is a capable writer brought when he elects to substitute his prejudices for historical study of the facts.

2—THE NAVAL WAR¹

MR. POLLEN'S teaching on naval subjects, being already familiar to the public through his many articles in the papers and lectures, there is no need here to expatiate, either on the clearness, honesty and elevation of his views, nor on his knowledge of his subject. Previous reviewers have told us that this book has been held up for some time by the censor, but the writer himself makes neither statement, hint nor complaint about the matter. We will imitate his reserve, only adding that while 99 per cent of the volume cannot conceivably have caused any difference of opinion, there was room for two minds over the criticism in the concluding pages about one, who held high command in the Navy until lately. That criticism however appears most just; and the matter to be of great public importance.

So far as one may roughly generalize, our author's chief concern is to advocate quick decision in naval warfare. "Quick decision," he tells us, "is really as paramount in modern conditions as in the old days." But pre-war ideas had in this deadened our Nelson-touch. We had got too fond of "long bowls," not seeing that long bowls meant deferred decision. A certain drill called "battle practice" had set us on a wrong tack. In it we used to hit our distant targets with astonishing accuracy, and this gave rise to a feeling, in the navy as in the public, that so long as we played that game thoroughly, victory was secure. But alas! real fighting proved quite a different thing. Mr. Pollen, having calculated the frequency of hits during the Jutland battle, sums up thus: "In battle practice, not only in the British, but in all fleets, hits at the rate of one hit per gun per 4 minutes have constantly been made." But in the real battle "it would seem that at most we made one hit per gun per 3 hours, and the Germans one hit per gun per 4 hours." In other words, long distance fighting in manoeuvres was leading to deferred decision; and deferred decision at Jutland led to no decision at all.

All this is studied in the details of the various naval battles at Rufigi, Coronel, the Falklands, the Dogger Bank, Jutland and Zeebrügge. No points are slurred over. The Admiralty, domestic and foreign politics, are dealt with clearly and effectively. The Theory of Gunnery, the chief naval arm, is handled with admirable lucidity. Moral advantages, Christian and civilized principles in warfare are brought out with light but skilful touches.

Gradually we see the rise to power of the younger and more adaptable men, the beginning of the idea of a naval staff, the

¹ *The Navy in Battle*. By Arthur H. Pollen. London: Chatto and Windus. Pp. 371. With frontispiece and many diagrams. Price, 12s. 6d. 1918.

immense relief that came with the grudging admission of the convoy system, which soon brought the once serious danger of the submarine to within the safety limit. Finally, we have the Zeebrügge fight on true Nelson lines. Every detail was prepared for; the attack immediately pressed to boarding; the decision accomplished in a few minutes and with most effective results, as we all know.

So ends an inspiring story told with great frankness. A fuller edition will doubtless come, when the official dispatches, still unfortunately withheld, are published; and then many a point, now necessarily obscure, will become clear. But this book is already one of the most noteworthy war memorials that we possess.

3—THE BRITISH WAY OR THE OTHER¹

THE problem of nationality has been the fruitful source of disturbance in Church and State ever since nations began to develop conscious corporate life. For the Church transcends nationalities in her magnificent unity, yet has to consider and make allowance for national diversities in her government and modes of worship. And as for the State, the presence within its bounds of several nationalities with differing ideals has always tried and tested and taxed the powers of government. By the very law of its being a nationality is a self-assertive entity, and there needs another superior law to keep its natural self-assertion within due bounds. The problem is ripe all over the world at present. At our doors an Irish nationality is chafing under military coercion. In South Africa a Dutch nationality is seeking a *modus vivendi* with a British. The whole of continental Europe is vocal with the claims of nationalities, set free by the collapse of the Teutonic Empires. And in the great Dominion of Canada, as our readers well know,² a French nationality is battling for its rights against one predominantly British. The rights and wrongs of this momentous question are ably stated in an important publication which has just reached us—*The Clash! A Study in Nationalities*, by William Henry Moore, which besides its intrinsic excellence derives additional weight from being written in defence of the French by an Anglo-Canadian. The problem in this case, as in that of Ireland, is complicated by the introduction of religion—

¹ *The Clash! A Study in Nationalities*. By William Henry Moore. London: Dent and Sons. Pp. xxiii. 333. Price, in Canada, \$2.50.

² See "Race and Religion in Canada," *THE MONTH*, February, 1910, and many subsequent notes.

the Catholic religion : and wherever the Catholic religion enters into a dispute then those who do not belong to it seem to lose all powers of logic and all sense of fair play ; they are obsessed by a certain fear, the fear of Rome, a fear, as the Book of Wisdom defines it, which is " nothing else but the abandonment of the succours from thought." We do not gather that Mr. Moore is a Catholic : if he is not, he shows himself singularly free from the hallucinations which afflict so many of his co-religionists. This Canadian question illustrates in its every phase the contest between two ideals of government which has just been fought out to a victory for the right one in the blood-soaked battlefields of Europe. It dates from the year 1763, when by the Treaty of Paris 60,000 French Canadian colonists, who were the first occupants of the land, and who had explored and developed and won it for civilization, became subjects of the British Crown. These French Colonists, to whom Canada originally belonged, and who for nearly a century formed the bulk of the population, were from the first subjected to attacks upon their nationality through their language, their fellow-citizens being unable to conceive of the equality of the two races before the law and determined to make the Prussian ideal of unity—" one flag, one language, one school "—their ideal. Mr. Moore contrasts the " British way " in various parts of the Commonwealth where due allowance is made for differences of national culture, with the other Prussian way of suppressing national culture by force in the interests of an assumed higher culture. The lessons of the European war give him his opportunity, and from writings on both sides he is able to draw conclusions which show that the action of the dominant party in Ontario and Manitoba, non-Catholic Provinces, in practically suppressing the use of French in the schools, represents exactly the policy of Germany towards subject peoples. And that policy is the less excusable because in the French Catholic Province of Quebec the small English Protestant minority is treated with absolute fairness in the schools.

No doubt many advantages would follow the practical predominance of one language but the facts will not admit it and the disadvantages which would result from ignoring or trying to suppress the facts would far outweigh the good secured. Canada must acquiesce in the fact that its large homogeneous French minority, who would be a majority but for immigration, is determined to remain French in language and culture, and the Dominion Government must shape its policy so as to take account of that fact. Mr. Moore shows that racial arrogance, and an ill-founded arrogance at that, is responsible for the intolerant attitude

of the British party. His book is most carefully stocked with all relative facts and his inferences are irresistible. Homogeneity is not only an impossible ideal in a Commonwealth like the British but in each individual section of that Commonwealth. Each nationality has a right to expression and recognition. Mr. Moore would have the Anglo-Canadians employ in their politics the Golden Rule—"Do as you would be done by." In that way alone does domestic peace lie.

Mr. Moore writes with clearness and vigour and a nice sense of humour. Coming when it does his volume should do immense good in promoting mutual understanding and a repudiation of the "might makes right" doctrine.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

THE practical, critical commentary on *The Four Gospels* (Wagner, 17s. 6d. net) which Father C. J. Callan, O.P. has published will be very serviceable to the busy priest or catechist. It presents the text with a running explanation of difficult words and passages in the same way as in the familiar "Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools." Each Gospel is preceded by an illuminating introduction: an Appendix contains a full Harmony, and there is an excellent Index.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Rev. Frederick A. Reuter has collected and classified in fifty-three sections as *Readings and Reflections for the Holy Hour* (Herder: 6s. net), a number of legends relating to miraculous manifestations of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. The Reflections are intended to point the moral of the preceding stories, and to prevent them being read merely as interesting tales. The book is very handsomely produced and furnishes an agreeable variant to the ordinary devotional manual.

POETRY.

One needs to be steeped in the spirit of the Ages of Faith, when heavenly things were as obvious as earthly and when familiarity had bred, if not contempt, at least a plentiful lack of reverence, to read Miss Dorothy L. Sayers' *Catholic Tales* (Blackwell, London: 3s. net) without being occasionally shocked. The mediæval mystics have said extravagant things of God and our Lord and the Saints, and have indulged in daring figures of speech concerning sacred things. Miss Sayers' fancy claims all their license, and sometimes more, without their excuse of loving simplicity. It is a riotous exuberant fancy, well served by a plentiful stock of glowing words and phrases and a most tuneful ear; the result is often real poetry, but from time to time, as in *Justus Judex* and *Sion Wall*, the theology is that of Mr. Kipling; and too frequently the line between child-like freedom and irreverence is overstept.

Mr. Albert B. Purdie, an old alumnus of St. Edmund's, is one of those scholar-poets whom war has inspired to utterance. His *Poems* (Washbourne, 1s.) are all of a reflective cast, the reaction of a cultured mind to the vivid impressions of campaigning in France and Macedonia.

There is Catholic spirit enough and to spare in Father J. J. Gaffney's miscellaneous poems *Silver Linings*, (Duffy: Dublin), but the other necessary ingredients of true poetry are not so evident. It is a well-trodden path that the author treads and the flowers he pulls have all been gathered before. Yet spiritual truths are here and there well and clearly illustrated.

In *Hearts Courageous* (Methuen, 1s. 3d. net) Mr. John Oxenham has collected a number of the verses he has written with such facility on themes of war. A high spiritual atmosphere and a simple sincerity breathe in them all; there is no elaboration of language or of imagery to obscure their Christian message.

FICTION.

The remarkable gifts of Miss Enid Dinnis as a weaver of fanciful stories, all alight with humour and pointing a straight, sound and effective moral, are seen at their best in her recent collection *Mystics All* (Sands and Co., 4s. net). As the title indicates, they deal with the interaction of the supernatural with the natural, a process mainly evidenced to us by faith and growing more perceptible the more childlike and humble that faith is. A great deal of edification and not a little pleasure may be gained from these clever stories.

Father T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M. continues to add to the world's gaiety by his tales of Irish life, the fifth of the collected series, *The Five of Trumps* (Gill and Son, 5s. net) having been lately published. They are of the same rollicking order, dealing with the humours of common folk and lightened by shrewd flashes of observation.

Madame Reynés-Monlaur in *The Dead Altars* (Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net.) has taken up again the theme which she has already treated in *Sister Clare*, the effects of war in bringing about conversion to the true Faith. The background, as before, is the fight in France but characters in this new story with whom we come into contact are not soldiers or even ambulance-workers but those who, remote from the field, learn the course of events from letters and papers. There is a good deal of religious discussion in the book, carried on both by letter and conversation, between Catholics, Freethinkers and Calvinists, and it may be recommended as an able exposition of Catholic doctrine as contrasted with rival creeds and no-creeds. The translator, M. E. Arendrup, has done her work well.

The *Bonne Presse* of Paris have sent us two interesting stories, copiously illustrated, *Le Diadème de Cristal* by Paul Heuzé, (2.00 fr.) a romance of republican Venice and *Lettres sans Réponses* by Henriette de Vismes (2.00 fr.), a one-sided correspondence between a young French wife and her husband at the Front. They show the ennobling effect on a somewhat frivolous nature of a constant pre-occupation with the ideas of duty and sacrifice.

Mathias Bernoude, by Florence O'Noll, and *L'Ambiance*, by Lucien Darville, are two other interesting numbers of the series of *Romans Populaires*, published at 40 c.

In the *Romans Populaires* series at 40 c. are *Redemptrice*, by J. P. Bonnet, and *L'Intrus*, by R. Dombre, and in a larger format, a collection

of short stories, *Des Fleurs sur la Route* (Price, 2.00 fr.), by Jean Vézère and an historical romance, *Olivette et Miguelito* (Price, 2.00 fr.), by Mary Colomban.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The five discourses by Mr. Clement Webb, Fellow of Magdalen, published under the title *In Time of War* (Blackwell, 2s. 6d. net) are concerned with various questions raised or accentuated by the existence of hostilities, such as Christianity and War, Propitiation, Conscience and the like, on a large scale. The treatment is scholarly and, on the whole, in accordance with Catholic teaching.

Very topical these days, when the re-occupation of Metz and Strassburg by French troops undoes the international wrong of 1871, is the publication of *Shrines in Alsace-Lorraine* (Sands and Co., 4s. net) by E. M. H. McKerlie, already favourably known as the chronicler of similar centres of devotion in Galloway. Miss McKerlie describes some ten or twelve shrines or groups of shrines, taking her material from her own observation (made further evident by a series of pleasing sketches) and the best French authorities. We trust that the political liberty restored to this region will in no ways jeopardise the religious liberty it enjoyed during the German occupation, and that pilgrimages to the shrines from the mother-country may be renewed.

The ever-useful *Catholic Diary* issued by Messrs. Washbourne has a new editor for 1919 but is unchanged in its essential features. The price for the cloth-bound edition is 2s. net.

The sudden collapse and disappearance of the Teutonic Empires and the possible disavowal of the un-Christian and inhuman spirit they embodied has made many of the powerful exhortations in *Win the War for Permanent Peace*—the Report of the National Convention held at Philadelphia by the "League to Enforce Peace" in May of last year—somewhat superfluous. For of the two objects the League was advocating—1. to make the world safe by defeating the Hun and his spirit and (2) to keep the world safe, by a League of Nations—the first has been accomplished with a thoroughness little dreamt of last May. But the perusal of the dangers that then threatened us will emphasize the more the necessity of winning the second object as well. This volume, containing the gist of the forty-six addresses, covering almost every issue raised by the war, forms an invaluable *resumé* of the whole Allied case and states in authoritative language the ideals for which the war was waged and which must be realized if the war is not to be ultimately lost.

La Bonne Presse of Paris has issued in its useful series, "*Petits Guides Pratiques du Foyer*," a volume on *Travaux de Dames*, by M. de Saint-Genés (Price, 1.50 fr.), containing instructions, plentifully illustrated, on *Couture*, *Broderie* and *Décoration de la Maison*, which should be useful in training the young.

Two other education works from the same firm are *Sa Majesté Le Fer* (Price, 2.00 fr.), by J. and H. Rousset, dealing with all the problems of mining and working that most necessary metal, and *La Parole* (Price, 2.00 fr.), by L. Fournier, a treatise on Voice-production, both natural and telephonic. Both books are profusely illustrated.

Another section of Père L. Laurand's *Manuel des Etudes Grecques et Latines*, the fourth part of which we noticed a year ago, has since reached

us, viz., Part V., devoted to *Littérature latine* (Picard : 2.50 fr.). It contains a wonderful amount of exact information on its subject, carefully classified and clearly set forth, the necessary framework underlying real scholarship. The whole work, which we understand is now complete, comprises eight such fascicles and runs to 800 pages.

The cheap and useful series of translations from the Fathers which the S.P.C.K. has been issuing under the general title of *Early Church Classics*, and of which we have from time to time noticed the publication, has now been extended to include other texts which, though later or not so authoritative, are still of much interest to the student. The series is now called *Translations of Christian Literature*, and of these St. Dionysius of Alexandria (3s. 6d. net) by C. L. Feltoe, D.D., and *The Lausiac History of Palladius* (5s. net) by W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D., are to hand. The latter, an early fifth-century work mainly concerned with the Fathers of the Desert, is of extraordinary interest to Catholics, both because of its testimony to the spirit and practices of early days and because the now accepted arrangement of a confused and difficult text is the work of a great Catholic scholar, Abbot Butler, of Downside. The translator, in an excellent preface, explains and defends the ascetic ideal that peopled the Egyptian Deserts. Mr. Feltoe, who has edited "Dionysius" in the *Cambridge Patristic Texts*, is an authority on the life and works of this third-century Father.

To the series of cheap *Texts for Students* issued by the S.P.C.K., Canon Newport J. D. White, of St. Patrick's, Dublin, has added a translation of the *Latin Writings of St. Patrick* (S.P.C.K. : 6d. net), viz., *The Confession* and *The Letter*, with a brief Introduction and Scripture references.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Jesus in the Tabernacle (Burns and Oates : London) by E.D.N. is the name of a pamphlet in verse intended to be used by children in visiting the Blessed Sacrament. It is nicely illustrated.

Nos. 6 and 7 of *The University of Chicago War Papers* are entitled *England and America* (by Conyers Read) and *Democracy and American Schools* (by C. H. Judd) respectively. The first aims at removing the historical misconception due to "patriotic" American histories which have kept alive bitterness between the two countries; the other contrasts the school systems of Germany and U.S. and shows how the former is essentially anti-democratic and the latter democratic.

Zionism in the Bible (Zionist Organization : 2d.), by Nahum Sokolow, is an attempt to prove from the Old Testament that the Jews are intended by God to be a distinct nationality. *A Hebrew University for Jerusalem* (*Ibid.* : 2d.), by H. Sacher, is a plea for one main constituent of such a national existence.

There are Anglicans, as we know, who realize that the Reformation was a mistake and desire to retrace their steps three centuries or so and recover the faith and practices which were then destroyed. Their aim is, frankly, reunion with the Holy See, and for that they live and work and write. Nothing could be better than their aim: it is their methods, especially their neglect of immediate, personal submission to the recognized Centre of Unity, that are at fault. However, sign-posts are useful, even though they do not make the journey, and the writings of these pathetically deluded men are useful in helping others to embrace their convictions and

perhaps better their example. Those, for instance, which are issued under the patronage of St. Anthony by the Talbot Press, of which **The World to Come**, by William Loundes, M.A., is before us, are instinct with the Catholic spirit. The author of this particular book sets forth the ideal of prayer which "Modernists and Protestants" have strangely perverted, and although his terminology is unusual—he employs the word "mechanical," e.g., to signify the *ex opere operato* effect—his exposition is vigorous and sound.

The latest C.T.S. publications include two well-told stories, **A Christmas Vigil**, by Mother St. Jerome, and **A Chapter of Accidents**, reprinted from our own pages. In **The Faith of To-morrow: Catholic or Pagan**, a thoughtful paper, Mr. Leo Ward calls attention to the accentuation of the age-long strife between the natural and the supernatural, caused by the late upheaval. In the smaller penny format, Mr. G. E. Anstruther explains in clear and simple fashion **Why Catholics go to Confession**.

The Catholic Social Guild have published a very timely penny pamphlet, **Labour Claims and Industrial Peace**, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., showing that, as regards the four fundamental claims of Labour, it has the moral support of the Church's teaching. This paper should be widely circulated both amongst Catholics and non-Catholics as it gives what is sorely needed at the moment, authoritative guidance on points of the highest importance for domestic peace.

Another pamphlet (price, 2d.) for similar wide distribution is **Deeds not Words**, a summary of the beneficent action of the Pope during the war, which we owe to the enterprize of *The Universe*. The same live journal has reprinted **The Physician** (price, 1d.), a discourse pronounced by Cardinal Bourne on occasion of the International Medical Congress, 1913, to a congregation of over one thousand medical men. The publication calls attention to the Catholic Medical Guild of SS. Luke, Cosmas and Damian, which, it is hoped will soon renew its pre-war activities.

The latest number of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 c.) to reach us is dated Nov. 8th (Vol. XVI. No. 21), and contains *inter alia*, *The Church, the War and the Community*, an exposition of the social energies of the Catholic Church, by F. Siedenburg, S.J., and a long and appreciative account of Cardinal Mercier, called *The White Shepherd of Mechlin*, by J. C. Reville, S.J.

In **Some Notes on Modernism** (Washbourne: 6d. net) Father Strappini, S.J., states fully and clearly the fundamental fallacies of that heresy and its dishonest efforts to undermine Catholic truth.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have reprinted at 6d. the touching sermon preached by Father Bampton, S.J.,—"Out of the abundance of the Heart"—on Thanksgiving Sunday, Nov. 17th.

NOTE.—The lapse of ten years since the Index to **THE MONTH** was published suggests the issue of a Supplement which should keep before the eyes of the public the useful matter contributed to our pages in the interval. The Manager, who has this ten-years' Supplementary Index ready for the press, would be glad to receive orders for it (Manresa Press: Rotherhampton, S.W. 15), from those who have the original Index and others who file or have access to collections of **THE MONTH**. Its cost will be announced later.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind, Vol. XVI. No. 21.
- BURNS & OATES, London.
 Thanksgiving Day Sermon. By
 Father Bampton, S.J. 6d. net.
- BLASS Y CIA, Madrid.
*Commentario a las Constituciones de la
 C. de Jesus*. By J. M. Alcarado, S.J.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
*Evolution and the Doctrine of the
 Trinity*. By S. A. McDowall. Pp.
 xxvii. 258. *The Post-Royalists and
 Education*. Edited by H. C. Bar-
 nard, M.A. Pp. 276. Price, 7s. 6d.
 net.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, London.
Labour Claims and Industrial Peace.
 By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.
 Pp. 8. Price, 1d.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
 Various Penny Pamphlets.
- CHATTO & WINDUS, London.
The Navy in Battle. By A. H. Pol-
 len. Pp. vi. 371. Price, 12s. 6d.
 net.
- DENT & SONS, London and Toronto.
The Clash: A Study in Nationalities.
 By W. H. Moore. Pp. xxiii. 333.
 Price, \$2.50.
- GILL & SONS, Dublin.
The Five of Trumps. By T. A. Fitz-
 gerald, O.F.M. Pp. 256. Price,
 5s. net.
- HERDER, London.
*Readings and Reflections for the Holy
 Hour*. By Rev. F. A. Reuter.
 2nd. Edit. Pp. 490. Price, 6s. n.
The New Canon Law. By Rev.
 Stanislaus Woywood, O.F.M.
 Pp. xiv. 422. Price, 16s. net.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.
Theou Sophia. By H. E. Sampson.
 Pp. xxvii. 362. Price, 8s. 6d. net.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.
*The World Problem: Capital, Labour
 and the Church*. By J. Husslein.
 S.J. Pp. xii. 294. Price, \$1.25.
- LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE, New
 York.
Win the War for Permanent Peace.
 By Various Authors. Pp. 252.
- LONGMANS, London.
The Philosophy of Plotinus. By Rev.
 W. R. Inge, D.D. Two Volumes.
 Pp. xvi. 270. xii. 253. Price,
 23s. net. *Treasures of Hope*. By
 late Rev. J. Congreve. Pp. 223.
 Price, 6s.
- METHUEN, London.
Hearts Courageous. By John Oxen-
 ham. Pp. 88. Price, 1s. 3d. n.
Man's Supreme Inheritance. By
 F. M. Alexander. Pp. xxviii. 239.
 Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- MILFORD, London.
Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins.
 Edited by Robert Bridges. Pp.
 124. Price, 12s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.
English Liturgical Colours. By Sir
 W. St.J. Hope and E. G. C. F.
 Atchley. Pp. xiii. 273. Price,
 25s. *Christianity and Industrial
 Problems*. Pp. 147. Price, 1s. n.
- UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.
*Democracy and Social Progress in
 England*. By Edith Abbott. Pp.
 17. Price, 5 cents.
- UNIVERSE PRESS, London.
Deeds not Words. Price, 2d. *The
 Physician*. By Cardinal Bourne.
 1d.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
Aids to the Study of the Bible. By
 Hugh Pope, O.P. Vol. II. *The
 Gospels*. Pp. xvi. 408. Price, 5s.
 net. *Some Notes on Modernism*.
 By Rev. W. Strappini. Pp. 16.
 Price, 6d. net.

